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THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

AS the Address is an echo of the Speech, the Speech itself is, on the present occasion, an echo of the modest expectations of the non-official community. It would have been difficult for the Government to propose any legislative changes except in the law itself, and sanguine believers may cherish the hope that the CHANCELLOR and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL may at last carry some measure which will really facilitate the transmission of land. The larger portion of the Speech was naturally occupied with foreign affairs, but the assurance that Europe is at peace, and America at war, was necessarily less novel than important. One paragraph seasonably reminded Parliament of the existence of China, and it would have been well if there had been as little to say of Mexico and Morocco. The Government, though it has not guaranteed a loan to the Moors, has undertaken to facilitate their financial operations by collecting customs dues for their creditors. If the transaction is effected smoothly, a valuable service will have been conferred on a humble ally; but experience shows that it is difficult to touch national debts without incurring some shadow of liability. Lord PALMERSTON probably thinks that it is worth while to run some risk to prevent the African shores of the Mediterranean from becoming exclusively French and Spanish, and the House of Commons will at most interpose some mild criticisms without obstructing a policy which it trusts even when it fails to understand it. The question of Mexico is more serious, and its importance is increased by the recent announcement in the *Moniteur*. The establishment of a firm Government in conformity with the desires of the Mexican people may be a beneficial and useful undertaking; but it is not the business of England to organize constitutional monarchies on the other side of the Atlantic. After two or three defeats, and the occupation of their capital, the Mexicans may probably be induced to adopt, by universal suffrage, any project which may be proposed by their conquering protectors. As far as their wishes can be collected from their history, they like a rapid change of Presidents and Constitutions, involving the excitement and occasional profit of a chronic civil war. It will be odd that Mexico should suddenly be penetrated by a desire for the legitimate rule of an Austrian Archduke, although it is impossible to deny that any form of government is likely to be preferable to the existing Republic. Ingenious advocates of the plan have remembered that the House of HAPSBURG is a branch of the extinct Spanish dynasty; but Mexican genealogists are probably indifferent to the remote ties of blood which connect the Archduke MAXIMILIAN with the distant cousin of one of his remote ancestors. Whatever may be the expediency of the scheme, England is only concerned in exacting retribution for outrages on her subjects, and in enforcing the payment of certain debts which are thought to have acquired a kind of national guarantee. Lord PALMERSTON proposes to himself the additional object of establishing a Government capable of the ordinary rights and duties of independent nations. If Mr. WESTERN WOOD is well informed, the creation of a respectable monarchy will require 20,000 men, who may be easily raised, and 4,000,000 sterling, which forms a much more serious consideration. The future King of Mexico will begin his reign in the presence of a permanent insurrection, with the further contingency of a war to be commenced on the first convenient opportunity by one or both of the North American Federations. It is difficult to say that the condition of the Mexicans themselves would in any case be changed for the worse, but the Powers who introduce a foreign dynasty become more or less involved in the complications which may be attributed to their interference. With the exception of Lord PALMERSTON himself, no member of either House expressed approval of the

policy which nevertheless appears to have been definitively adopted.

The speeches on the Address naturally took their character from the melancholy event which rendered the answer of Parliament to the Crown rather an expression of condolence than an ordinary political communication. Lord DUFFERIN pronounced the eulogy of Prince ALBERT in terms of ornate eloquence, which, as Lord GRANVILLE observed, recalled the memory of one of the speaker's ancestors, though a less ambitious rhetoric is in ordinary cases more accordant with the traditions of the House of Lords. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI added the testimony of ex-official statesmen to the tributes which Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL, and Lord GRANVILLE paid to the memory of the PRINCE. The mutual resemblance of the portraits which have been drawn by so many careful hands is the best proof of the fidelity of the likeness. The Lords and Commons had been anticipated in all their attempts to commemorate the various merits and qualities of the illustrious dead, but Lord DUFFERIN's speech will perhaps be preserved among the contemporary memorials of the event, and Lord DERBY only erred in concluding his graceful expressions of sorrow and sympathy with the slightly extravagant and wholly figurative expression of a hope that the grief of Royalty might not be aggravated by the spectacle of any untimely Parliamentary dissensions. It would assuredly never have been Prince ALBERT's wish that public duties should be neglected in compliment to his memory, and Lord DERBY himself will be the last to follow his own hasty counsels by omitting any opportunity of criticising the misdeeds or shortcomings of the Ministry. When the emotion of the moment has passed over, the leader of Opposition will be again on the watch for a blunder, nor is it improbable that, before a week has passed, he will find it his duty to point out, with candid severity, whatever defects may be discovered in the amended Minute of the Committee of Council on Education. The session offers at present little prospect of pitched battles, but occasions will arise for suitable displays of Parliamentary pugnacity.

The language which was used in speaking of American affairs corresponded to the approximate unanimity of English opinion. The leaders of all parties approved of the policy of the Government both in observing a rigid neutrality and in resenting with becoming moderation and firmness the encroachments which would otherwise not have ended with the outrage on the *Trent*. It is well that Mr. SEWARD should understand from Lord KINGSDOWN and others how little his bad law and pert insinuations are relished in England; but Lord DERBY dwelt too strongly on the reasons for an early recognition of the Confederacy, for it is not desirable to give the Federalists any excuse for suspecting that their approaching failure will be caused or accelerated by English interference. Mr. DISRAELI, if not more sincere, was discreeter than his chief, in professing his desire to place the most generous construction even on Mr. SEWARD's despatches. The organs of the Opposition have erroneously assumed that the feelings of irritation which have been from time to time excited by the conduct of the American Government supply an opportunity of undermining the popularity of Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues. If the Ministers had truckled to the Federalists, the country would have repudiated their policy, but any leaning to the cause of the insurgents would have been still more summarily reprobated. Even the operatives of the cotton-spinning districts have abstained from demanding that the blockade should be opened, and all classes understand the necessity of allowing defeat and bankruptcy to produce their natural results without the introduction of disturbing forces from without. Lord RUSSELL's concise statement of the question which has been raised by the blockade requires further ex-

planation. If it is true that the force has been sufficient, and that the blockade has nevertheless been ineffective, the atrocious contrivance of the stone fleets becomes unintelligible as well as culpable. The representatives of mercantile and maritime constituencies will not fail to exact additional information, but on the whole it may be collected that the Government has thus far no sufficient ground for practical resistance, as it has certainly no political motive for engaging in a dispute.

Internal affairs, lightly passed over in the Speech, would have wholly escaped the attention of both Houses, if Mr. MAGUIRE had not thought proper to bring forward the wrongs of Ireland. The important question whether the Chief Secretary had travelled three hundred miles in three days, divided the interest of Irish members with the apocryphal famine in the West. Mr. SCULLY charged the Chief Secretary with the offence of travelling in an open car, which to ordinary minds would rather seem to be an act of patriotic self-denial. The little squabble which terminated the conversation on the Address will perhaps satisfy American sympathizers that, if Ireland is on the verge of rebellion, it has no urgent reason to assign for its revolt. English politicians remark, not without a sense of the oddity of the change, that within two years from the defeat of the last Reform Bill, the alleged necessity of a change in the representative system has been absolutely forgotten. It is not worth the while even of Mr. WHITE to divide the House on the Address, and it may be assumed that Mr. BAINES and Mr. LOCKE KING are for the present satisfied with their last year's defeat. It remains to be seen whether the Government can afford permanently to dispense with the support of a definite majority.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THE American imagination, which has always stopped short at bigness when it has attempted to comprehend greatness, is at present fascinated by a project for operating with half a million of men on a thousand miles of hostile frontier. Even the vast multitudes who have been collected in arms are multiplied by popular report, and a large percentage must be deducted from the alleged numbers of the various divisions which are, according to common belief, about to overrun the South. General HALLECK, concerting his movements with the gun-boat squadron at Cairo, is to march with 80,000 men through the woods and swamps which fringe the Mississippi, 700 miles to New Orleans. General BUELL, with an equal force, will descend from Kentucky on Tennessee. General BURNSIDE, with 40,000 men, is to land in Western Virginia, and two or three other expeditions of corresponding bulk will effect concentric invasions from different points of the coast. As soon as all the preparations are completed, the General-in-Chief is to advance from his lines on the Potomac, and to march over the remains of the Confederate army of Virginia, which will previously have been weakened by the necessity of sending detachments to meet the assailants on all points of the compass. All these wonderful movements are to be combined by generals without experience, and to be executed by officers wholly ignorant of their profession. The region to be conquered is without internal communications, except railways which are in the hands of the enemy. The interminable woods are seldom traversed by a highway, and for hundreds of miles not a spot can be found in which 10,000 men could form in order of battle. Stores, ammunition, and provisions must be conveyed at an enormous expense, in the track of the armies, and all the operations must be subject to the contingency of attacks from an adversary who, in such a warfare, may almost dispense with discipline and regular organization. The Federal troops are superior to their enemy in number and equipment; but NAPOLEON had a larger preponderance of force when he broke up from his Polish cantonments in 1812. It is probable that the extravagant designs which are attributed to the Government and to the Commander-in-Chief are only intended to amuse the populace which constitutes the nation. If General McCLELLAN really meditates a convergent attack on all parts of the South, the triumphant success of the Confederate cause is already assured. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his generals must be mere imbeciles if they find any difficulty in defeating an enterprise which is only suggested by the American love of material magnitude.

The Federal Government would at this moment have been more powerful if it had placed in the field an effective army of 50,000 or 70,000 men, with proportionate reserves. Such an army might have been fed and paid without danger of imminent bankruptcy, and, above all, it might have been provided with comparatively competent officers. Those who are to lead men in war ought to possess either social superiority, as in England, or acknowledged professional qualifications, as in France. The great Federal armaments are equally deficient in veterans and in gentlemen, and accordingly the captains and colonels form partnerships with sutlers, while the privates justly despise the chiefs whom they have themselves chosen without the smallest regard to their military qualifications. That defence of nations which consists in the honour of the upper classes is, after all, reliable and cheap. In Federal America it would perhaps have been impossible to increase the numbers of the regular army, which was essentially aristocratic in constitution; but West Point, foreign services, and the militia, might have supplied materials for the organization of fifty available regiments. Such a force would have been amply sufficient for every exploit which has been hitherto performed, including the latest glorious victory in Kentucky; nor, indeed, is there any reason to believe that since the beginning of the war 50,000 men, including all the divisions employed, have been, on the whole, brought into action. Three or four hundred thousand expensive idlers might have been engaged in contributing to the wealth of their country, instead of furnishing opportunities of plunder to Secretaries of the great Departments and to their allied contractors. The inconvenience of unwieldy bulk will first be fully understood when the masses who have been collected attempt to move in an enemy's country.

The American love for large numbers extends even to negative quantities. The muster-roll of the army exhibits returns of men who have an actual existence, although their services may be worse than useless, and their maintenance intolerably burdensome. The financial accounts, although the sums total are even more imposing, consist almost entirely of enormous liabilities, or, according to the Latin phrase, of the money of others. To meet an annual expenditure of 150,000,000*l.*, scarcely a tax has as yet been imposed, while the source of loans is rapidly drying up. At the beginning of the war, the Customs revenue was deliberately mutilated for the avowed purpose of protection; and it is only under the pressure of extreme necessity that a nation of patriots has at last consented to pay a small additional price for tea and coffee. It is true that both Houses of Congress have pledged themselves by a joint resolution to raise the inadequate amount of 30,000,000*l.* by increased taxation. Although the form of imposts which is to be recommended has not yet been announced, it is probable that the proposed revenue will be nominally provided. That the tax-payers should really contribute half the amount to the Treasury cannot be seriously expected. Excise duties will be unpopular and novel, stamps on instruments admit of innumerable evasions, and it seems to be admitted that an income-tax cannot be extracted from a community of small farmers and traders. The only considerable direct taxes which are familiar to Americans are the rates upon visible property which are applied to parochial and municipal purposes. Investments in funds and joint-stock companies, as well as many other kinds of property, evade taxation altogether. In England, the property which contributes to the local rates is not above a third of the amount on which income-tax is levied, and it would consequently be unfair or impracticable to impose on the ratepayers additional burdens for national purposes. The proportions of the different kinds of property in America may not improbably be similar, and Congress will consequently be well advised in abstaining from the resource of adding a Federal percentage to the amount of municipal rating. It must also be remembered that the sums which, having been raised by loan, are necessarily exempt from immediate taxation, must in almost every case have been withdrawn from other investments. Mr. CHASE perhaps expects from his forthcoming taxes not a direct influx of money into his coffers, but a restoration of credit which may facilitate his system of borrowing. There has been hitherto no charge of corruption in the Treasury department, nor is there reason to suppose that any other financier would have succeeded better. The combination of scanty receipts with unlimited expenditure must, under any management, however skilful, have ended in hopeless embarrassment. The real tax-payers will be the public creditors and the holders of the new paper

money, and neither class will be eager to extend its liability to inevitable loss.

The Northern Americans may perhaps be in some degree excused for their erroneous belief that the distrust of Englishmen in their power to conquer the Confederacy is a proof of unfriendly feeling. Their partisans in this country are so ostentatiously one-sided and factious that calmer observers entertaining different opinions may be hastily suspected of prejudice or of injustice. Some irritation has certainly been caused by the ill-bred proceedings of the Federal Government and press; but, on the whole, the intelligence of England has been contented with the observation of a great historical transaction, which can be little influenced from abroad, while it may be profitably studied and understood. A certain intellectual satisfaction in witnessing the illustration of general truths by contemporary experience is perfectly compatible with the absence of any desire to exult over the misfortunes and confusion of the defunct Union. The enterprise of the North was, from the first, seen to be altogether hopeless, but full allowance was made for the natural determination to try the fortune of war before final acquiescence in disruption. Only during the uncertainty arising from the *Trent* outrage was there any wish or expectation of taking a part in the quarrel, and there is now a general determination not to provide the Federalists with any pretext for excusing away their own certain failure by English interference. Sixty days will soon have passed away, and at the end of the term the South will not have been conquered, and the resources of the Treasury will be exhausted. When the experiment has been tried to the end, it will perhaps be thought that it is useless to recommence it.

THE FORBEARANCE OF THE POOR.

THE South of England is divided from the North by a great chasm of feeling and social habits. It is hard for people who live in London or in the agricultural counties that lie to the south of the great centres of manufacturing industry, to picture to themselves how daily life really goes on in the busy but repulsive-looking towns of the North. Tourists never, or hardly ever, think it worth while to go to those uninviting places. Manchester and Liverpool are places of first-rate importance, and are known superficially to most Englishmen who travel in their own country; but the minor towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire, although in population and wealth rivalling many Continental capitals, have no attractions for the traveller, who likes to think of them in the abstract as making up a part of the gigantic wealth and power of England, but who shuns a closer acquaintance with their endless rows of little black houses, their dirty streets, and their unintelligible and uncourteous inhabitants. It is even difficult to learn any facts about them with accuracy and clearness. We cannot, for example, pretend to appreciate the exact amount or kind of misery to which the want of cotton is now condemning the population of such places as Blackburn. We only know very imperfectly what are the accumulated resources on which the manufacturing poor can draw, or the assistance which local wealth and benevolence can supply, or the habits and usual mode of life by which a sudden access of poverty must, in so great a degree, be tested. But two things are perfectly clear. We know that there is great misery in the North—that much suffering is being actually undergone, and that a still severer trial is generally apprehended. We also know that the sufferers are bearing their sorrows with a touching and generous patience, and that they are sustained in their tribulation by the proud consciousness that they are assisting to uphold a great national principle, and are helping the Government of the QUEEN in pursuing the difficult path of right at a very critical moment. Those whose ease and comfort are not in the least impaired by the failure in the supply of cotton, would show a great want of good feeling if they did not take every means to express the sentiments of admiration which the forbearance of the Northern poor is calculated to excite. It is a great triumph of sound political wisdom, and marks a great advance in the political education of a country, when thousands of poor people, who are enduring the pangs of hunger, or the sickening apprehension of a worse to-morrow, or the last sad trial of seeing a starving family in their homes, are sustained in their misery by the thought that, as it is the duty of England to be neutral, they are helping their country by bearing patiently the bitter consequences

of neutrality. A nation is sure to come out of the waters of affliction with a greater strength and elevation of mind that has taken the opportunity to teach itself the lesson of intelligent endurance. Acting, not talking, is the mainspring of political life; and the poor man who has learnt to see the nature and extent of a great political duty, and has discharged it in spite of pressing personal temptation, has made a long stride in the path of citizenship. We are far too apt to associate the notion of citizenship with that one feeble sign of citizenship—the possession of the electoral franchise. A man is scarcely supposed to be an English citizen unless he has the proud privilege of giving one of the five or ten thousand votes that carry the publican's candidate in a borough. It is true that the electoral franchise offers an opportunity to an Englishman of feeling and acting as a member of a great State; but it is by no means a favourable opportunity, and still less is it the only one of which he can avail himself. The starving factory labourer who has made himself master of the issue involved in our relations with the American belligerents, who comprehends why we are neutral and why we ought to remain so, and who then endeavours to encourage himself and his neighbours in enduring all that neutrality entails, has done more to realize to himself and all his grimy friends what are the duties and privileges of an Englishman than if he had gone to the polling-booth at a dozen elections.

France suffers too, and the poor of Lyons are perhaps as severely tried as the poor of any town in the North of England. The EMPEROR is as determined to be neutral as we are, so far as appears at present, and we do not hear that there are any complaints at Lyons or elsewhere of his determination. No people are more capable of appreciating a great political principle, or of suffering, when upheld by an appeal to their honour and generosity, than the better sort of French artisans. They are also the very people who are most inclined to look to the EMPEROR as their guide, and who approve most cordially both the bad and the good side of his policy. It would not, therefore, be fair to deny that the action of the French Government has influenced the manufacturing population of that town in bearing the consequences of neutrality, or that the French poor ought to have credit given them for a capacity to bear these consequences patiently in proportion as endurance is represented as a duty to their country. But, at the same time, a country under a despotism cannot be really like a free country in such matters. The people of Lyons are quiet, but their tranquillity may be imputed in a great measure to their conviction that, if they were not quiet, they would be shot down at once. They have no choice, and even if they are cheered by seeing that what they are obliged to endure is for the honour and benefit of France, they do not receive the political education which they would receive if their endurance were more voluntary. In England, the ultimate appeal is of course to physical force. If the population of Blackburn were to rise and to demand that the Government should force the American blockade, and get cotton at all hazards, the police constable would immediately make his appearance on the scene; and if his efforts were fruitless, the redcoats would come too, and, in the last resort, would fire at the poor wretches who were maddened by hunger into rebellion. But the vast difference of speed with which the troops would act in England and in France gives the measure of the difference between a despotism and a free country, and of the political training which intelligent endurance confers in France and England respectively. The action of the soldiery is so remote a contingency in England, it is so veiled off from our consideration by a thousand intervening screens, that Englishmen feel at liberty to embark on any political course without more than a faint reference to its possibility. The patient population of the North might do many very disagreeable things and yet not transgress the law. They might meet, and harangue, and petition. They might declare a social war against the capitalists of their neighbourhood. They might associate the relief from present distress with a clamour for some wild and impossible scheme of political change. It is true that in all probability this would not alter the policy of the Government. England would be as rigidly neutral though half a million manufacturing labourers raved and stormed for the raw material that gives them bread. But although the Government would not alter its course, the effect on the people themselves would be prodigious. They would be demoralized for years to come, and would be incapable of receiving anything like a sound political education. They

would become the prey of a set of soured, miserable, self-deluding fanatics, or of designing adventurers. It is because a choice between good and evil, between political wisdom and political folly, was open to them, and because they have chosen the wiser part deliberately, that they have gained experience and fostered feelings that will instruct and ennoble them.

It is curious to think that only a very short time ago we heard every day tales of distress almost as great, although not so widely diffused, which the poor chose to inflict on themselves, and which they bore patiently because they were upheld by the thought of what they conceived to be their duty, and by a sympathy with what they considered to be a great cause. The forbearance of the poor under the needless and wanton misery caused by strikes closely resembled in many points that which they now exhibit under the pressure of an inevitable cessation of employment. The poor mason or builder who courageously saw his family starve because he wished to maintain the rights of his class, did much the same as the Blackburn operative is doing now; and so far as the adherence to a strike is the adherence to a general principle, however mistaken, it unquestionably tends to increase the self-respect and the manlier virtues of the poor. But unfortunately, adherence to a strike was only in a very small degree an adherence to a general principle. It was, for the most part, a submission to a social tyranny. The men on strike were really in the position of the poor of Lyons. They did not dare not to be on strike, and exclusion from the society of all their friends, and the horrors of a perpetual isolation as marked men, deterred them from resistance as effectually as the fear of grapeshot coerces the artisans of Lyons into tranquillity. In some faint and inappreciable degree the Lyons artisan may be supposed to act voluntarily, and to concur with his Government; and in about the same degree any individual mason or bricklayer may be supposed to have an unaffected belief in the great doctrine of the tyranny of capital. But it is only when action is free that the actor gains strength from acting on high principles; and the degree in which a French artisan or a mason on strike can be said to be free is very faint indeed. The Northern factory hand, on the contrary, is acting at this moment as a freeman. Having it in his power to complain, and fret, and annoy his neighbours, he prefers to remain still, because his duty to his Sovereign and his country enjoins tranquillity. We may be sure that, if he continues to meet his trial in the same spirit, he will be a different sort of being in his social and political relations from what he would have been if nigger-grown cotton had flowed in for ever without check. There is nothing, as we may hope, more likely to have a conspicuous effect in enlightening the poor as to the folly of strikes, unless under very exceptional circumstances, than the intelligence which will be fostered by their finding themselves called on to assist the Government in carrying out a national resolution. What they want is to feel that some tie exists which binds them to a larger circle than that in which the petty lights of Socialist theories revolve. They need to be placed in a certain personal sympathy with those who govern, not only them, but the whole of a great Empire. If they gain this from their present adversity, they will have found a very sweet use in it; and the day may come when they or their children will look back with thankfulness, as well as pride, to the great crisis that tested and displayed the forbearance of the manufacturing poor.

THE FINANCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

PERHAPS the most striking circumstance in recent accounts from America is the great coolness with which the people of the North contemplate the insolvency of their Government. They know that the old boast about patriotic loans of indefinite extent has collapsed before enough had been raised in this shape to meet a single quarter's expenditure. They know too, probably better than we do, that the often-repeated assurance that taxes shall be imposed sufficient at least to cover the interest on the debt will never be realized. Like its promises to pay, the promises to tax of the Federal Government will be redeemed in paper. An abstract resolution in favour of raising by taxation a revenue of not less than 30,000,000*l.* has been almost unanimously voted by Congress, but among the financial arrangements which are said to have met with

favour, there is included a condition that direct taxation shall be postponed as long as possible. That it is unconstitutional, if not illegal, is the smallest of the objections to it. The real difficulty is that an income-tax would not be paid, and unless half of the 600,000 men of the Federal army are to be employed, like Austrian soldiers, in collecting taxes, all the votes that can be passed may fail to extract the longed-for dollars from Western farmers, or even from the traders of the Atlantic seaboard. In a country like the United States, it is one thing to vote a revenue, and another to levy it. Voluntary loans and taxes are indeed admitted on all hands to be incapable of supplying the requirements of the war, and yet we find the commercial journals of New York discussing the financial crisis more cheerfully than we should speak of a deficit of two or three millions. The confessed insolvency of the Government is regarded as a small matter which is to be set right by some mysterious arrangements; and in spite of the collapse of its means, the Government, it is asserted, meets with more confidence among the moneyed men of New York than in any other section of the country. That creditors who are deeply involved should do their utmost to sustain their debtor's credit is intelligible enough, and even such predictions as that Federal six per cent. securities will shortly be at par may be understood. But the moderate premium given for gold is a more substantial proof of confidence, and shows at least that the hoarding of the precious metals has not commenced with the activity which might have been expected from the aspect of affairs. A quiet flow of gold across the frontier into Canada is the chief disturbance which has yet been produced by the suspension of payment at once by the Central Government and by the majority of the banks.

It was a favourite maxim of Austrian statesmen that a country could go on a long time after it had become bankrupt, and there are abundant examples to show that under certain conditions the failure of public credit will not at once put an end to warlike operations. So long as a country has within it the men and the material for carrying on a war, it is certainly possible that a national struggle may be continued without coin, and even though Government notes may be at 99 per cent. discount. Not to cite old and memorable instances, the Confederates have sustained the war to the present time, though their Treasury stopped cash payments at the outset of the strife. Whether a United States army will fight better than it does now with its pay constantly in arrear, and the actual amount falling daily more and more below the magnificent rate which was found essential to tempt volunteers into the service, may be doubted. The supply of the army, too, will become a much less attractive occupation when the Government is likely to neutralize, by the progressive depreciation of the currency, the advantages which clever contractors may have gained through the ignorance and corruption of official administrators. The device of paying debts already incurred in inconvertible paper is not a new, and for a time will not be an unsuccessful, expedient. But the issue of notes required to discharge existing claims will go far to fill up the full measure of circulation which the country can take. Almost the whole profit of the manœuvre to which the United States—following an example set at one time or another by most European Governments—have just been driven, has been already forestalled, and it must be remembered that this tampering with the currency is a last resource, to be exhausted almost as soon as it is tapped. If the war is to be carried on when this supply is gone, there will be nothing but patriotism or force to depend upon. Will the patriotism of the Northern States suffice to produce an army of soldiers who will fight without pay, or a phalanx of contractors to supply it without plunder? If not, General McCLELLAN's Volunteers may perhaps rediscover the old invention of making war pay for itself, and may find in themselves not only, as the New York papers hint, "a guarantee for a sound currency" so far as their own pay is concerned, but a tolerably effective self-acting Commissariat machinery. But, with nothing more cheering than such alternatives in prospect, the assumption of confidence in the future displayed in New York is most creditable to the courage, or the patriotism, or the astuteness, whichever it may be, of that community. The Banks are said to have come to an understanding with Mr. CHASE, though nothing certain is known about its details beyond the fact that it includes the inevitable issue of paper money by the Government. It seems even to be questioned whether, in the first instance, the new currency is

to be made a legal tender. For the purpose of discharging debts already contracted by the Federal Government, a Treasury note offered to a creditor as the only payment he is to get, may serve its immediate purpose perfectly well, though the recipient should not be armed with the privilege of paying his own debts with the same kind of currency; and perhaps in many cases this spoiling of the Egyptians would not be without a tinge of poetical justice. But as soon as the credit of a Government is gone, it is only by making its notes a legal tender that it can give them any value as a means of effecting future purchases; and to this, either at once or after a short delay, the Government must come. On this point, the Banks have no choice but to submit to the appropriation of the whole profits of issue by the central Government, and the particular shape which the machinery for the purpose may assume will be comparatively unimportant.

But when the utmost allowance is made for all that can be effected by this old-fashioned contrivance, the rate at which the United States are travelling the old road to ruin is quite astounding. It is made almost a matter of boasting that the daily expenditure approaches half a million sterling, and that the floating debt has accumulated in about a year to the respectable amount of 20,000,000*l.* Even if the resolution to raise 30,000,000*l.* by taxation were not an empty promise, as seems to be generally admitted, what would such a revenue be by the side of a war expenditure which is estimated at 162,000,000*l.* per annum? The profit that can be gained by the issue of inconvertible notes must be limited to the amount of genuine circulation which the United States can absorb. Whether that is put at 20,000,000*l.* or 30,000,000*l.*, it is a mere drop in the ocean of expenditure. Once for all, the capital of the country may thus be made to produce the means of providing the army for a month or two, and then there will be an end of the resource. Fresh notes may be issued, but as fast as the nominal amount in circulation is increased, the value of each note will be depreciated in exactly the same proportion. A certain amount of gold now used as coin may be set free and applied to other purposes; but when that has disappeared, the further issue of paper will be utterly useless, except as a means of defrauding existing creditors. It is very difficult to believe—in spite of the tall talk about the Union—that financial difficulties on so enormous a scale will not put a speedy end to the aimless crusade of the Northern States.

It has been suggested that the calmness with which Americans contemplate the alarming state of their national finances may be explained by a general though unavowed conviction that, in the end, the debts which are growing up so fast will never be paid. The prospect of repudiation might no doubt bring comfort with it to some of the constituent atoms of the United States, but it can have very few charms for holders of Federal securities whose personal loss might more than counterbalance their share of the national gain. Now, as a matter of fact, it is precisely from the centres of business where such securities are most largely held that the assertions of confidence are most loudly made. New York assuredly would not look forward with much satisfaction to the time when all her Federal bonds should become waste paper. That a debt which increases at a rate so utterly out of proportion to the revenue of the country will never be paid in full, is likely enough; but as it is almost all due to native holders, repudiation, if not an inevitable necessity, would be a sacrifice of honesty without any corresponding profit. It would be a mere shifting of a burden from the tax-payers at large to the scarcely less numerous class who will hold in some shape the obligations of the State; and apart from all moral scruple, it would not be a very smart speculation to ruin the credit of a country for an object of so little moment. It must, therefore, be assumed that wilful repudiation is no part of the programme, and it would almost seem as if the people of the Northern States were quietly contemplating the growth of their debt with a kind of satisfaction at having outdone the worst extravagances of any European Government. Transitions of feeling are so rapid, and under adequate pressure so easy, with the Americans, that no one could be surprised if, a month or two hence, a financial panic and a cry for peace should take the place of the real or assumed confidence which is now exhibited; and there can be little doubt that when the time arrives for abandoning a war too costly to be continued, Mr. SEWARD will be able to show that, in conceding independence to the South, he is gaining a signal

triumph for the principles for which his country has ever contended, and in vindication of which it may by that time have contracted the most imposing debt in the world.

MR. BRIGHT ON CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE.

MR. BRIGHT'S advice to the Chambers of Commerce might have been copied, with little alteration, from Mr. DISRAELI'S exhortations to the clergy. Merchants and manufacturers, like country parsons, are recommended to neglect their proper business for the purpose of applying their organized efforts to the attainment of political objects. When Chambers of Commerce have, in deference to Mr. BRIGHT, devoted themselves to international law and to general finance, it will be only consistent that they should engage in schemes of Parliamentary Reform for the satisfaction and aggrandizement of their disinterested counsellor. As Mr. DISRAELI reserved to the laity the exclusive prosecution of theological inquiries, it will, perhaps, be thought desirable that amateurs unconnected with commercial affairs should watch the details of taxes and tariffs which may affect particular branches of industry. The motives of both the political leaders who are endeavouring to recruit new adherents are more transparent than blameable, but it is scarcely worth while to urge upon special classes and professions the expediency of assigning a secondary position to their own interests and duties. No society or committee can retain any influence in England from the moment at which it allows itself to degenerate into a political union. If the warehousemen and millowners of Manchester, or the merchants of Liverpool, attempted to control the national policy under the pretext of protecting commerce, they would destroy the utility of their local Chambers without accomplishing their more ambitious purpose. It fortunately happens that the representatives of trade in the Northern and Midland towns are widely separated from one another in political opinion. Agitators and professional politicians, when they deprecate domestic neutrality, always tacitly assume that there is only one side to the question which they propose for discussion. Mr. BRIGHT wishes, not that the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce should convert itself into a little Parliament, but that it should give his peculiar opinions its unanimous support. As Lord BROUGHAM'S Association includes, under the title of Social Science, only the doctrines or crotchets which its leaders approve, the active interference which is urged on Chambers of Commerce is to be exclusively exercised by the disciples of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN.

The immediate object which is recommended to commercial associations in search of employment is not especially attractive or popular. The gunmakers of Birmingham may perhaps look with complacency on the war which at present absorbs all Mr. BRIGHT'S sympathies, for Federal and Confederate agents are bidding against one another for small-arms and cannon. In the cotton districts, there is little enthusiasm for the Government which shuts out Lancashire from its supplies of raw material, and of all belligerent operations the blockade and the stone-fleets are assuredly not highest in general favour. Mr. BRIGHT'S bellicose ardour is curiously illustrated by his audacious assertion that the blockade of the Southern coast is the most effective operation of the kind which is recorded in history. The Federalists themselves will be astonished at the extravagance of their advocate, and they may perhaps complain that his statement tends to invalidate their miserable excuse for blocking up the harbour of Charleston. On reflection, they will understand that the general object of throwing blame upon England is best promoted by a denunciation of blockades in general, accompanied by a vindication of the measure as it is applied by the Northern Americans. If Chambers of Commerce were to deal with foreign affairs, they might, perhaps, object to the protective tariff which is especially designed to exclude Birmingham from competition with the forges of Pennsylvania. The Government which keeps the raw material from its proper market, while it refuses to admit manufactured produce, is little entitled to the assistance or good-will of the traders who suffer by its policy. Mr. BRIGHT, however, loves democracy better than Free-trade, and he threw aside his favourite doctrine of peace as soon as his model Republic embarked in a war of conquest. While he advises Chambers of Commerce to aid in cutting down the Estimates at home, he gravely invokes their sympathy for the policy of maintaining an innumerable army at a cost

which is adding more than a hundred millions a year to the Federal debt.

Mr. DAWSON, of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, gave the most effective reply to Mr. BRIGHT, by recounting his experience as a member of a deputation to Lord PALMERSTON, on the question of maritime law. The Minister, finding apparently that he had to deal with men of sense, candidly told them, and even convinced them, that they had only learned half their lesson. The Government has many other matters to consider, as well as the immediate local interests which properly occupy the attention of Chambers of Commerce. It is highly desirable that the wishes and opinions of great trading communities should be forcibly represented to Parliament and to the Administration, but, on questions of general policy, cotton-spinners or iron-masters must be heard as advocates, and not as impartial advisers. Mr. BRIGHT cannot even address the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce without denouncing the feudalism which, in his opinion, unduly deprives the manufacturing class of its due share in the government of the country. His intelligent hearers, even if they participated in his convictions, probably considered that the advantages of birth and of landed property might have been as fitly denounced at a cricket dinner as on the anniversary of a Chamber of Commerce. The project of dividing the Indian Empire into three or four reciprocally independent provinces may be properly discussed as a political scheme, but it is certain that the expediency of such a measure ought not to be determined with reference to the special interests of Lancashire. Sceptics may doubt whether Madras would have produced a longer staple of cotton if it had been governed by a separate Viceroy, corresponding immediately with the India Office. Whatever promotes the prosperity of the native population may indirectly benefit England; but the Government which regards the Indians as subjects cannot be exclusively guided by the manufacturers, who naturally and properly think of all mankind only as producers of cotton or purchasers of calico. It cannot be said that Lancashire has deserved the imputation of neglecting its duty to itself. On the very day of the Birmingham dinner, the MAYOR of Manchester told the Meeting on Indian Import Dues that "the Chamber of Commerce had "knocked so often at the door of the India Board that they "had perhaps begun to be considered a nuisance, and the "Board were disposed to pay them little attention." There is fortunately no danger that the energetic representatives of trade will be deterred from proper urgency by any official coldness. If they were to substitute political theories for their own special requirements, the heads of departments would have little difficulty in answering or evading their demands.

The grievance which provoked the remonstrances of the great Manchester meeting perfectly illustrates the different functions of trade associations and of responsible statesmen. The manufacturers complain that the Indian import duty of ten per cent. on cotton cloths operates as a protection to the native weaver, and that mills are consequently springing up at Calcutta and Bombay. It is a surprising instance of the delicate equilibrium of trade and industry, that while, in the absence of taxation, cotton can be brought from India and returned in a made-up form so cheaply as to undersell the indigenous manufacturer, a duty of ten per cent. inclines the balance in the opposite direction; yet the arguments which were urged against the import duty are undoubtedly weighty, and the duty itself is highly objectionable. It is remarkable, however, that few of the speakers even pretended to take the interests of India into consideration. The strongest reason against the tax is to be found in the increased price which is paid by the native consumers, and in the artificial character of all protected industry; yet it can scarcely be doubted that the injury to Lancashire would have been equally resented if the establishment of local cotton mills had been in the highest degree beneficial to the native population. If the English dominion were overthrown in India, protective duties would be instantly imposed, if only in the hope of reviving the prosperity of great cities which have been long since ruined by the cheap fabrics of Europe. The Imperial Government is not bound to imitate a mistaken policy, but it must take care that India is administered for the benefit, not of its foreign rulers, but of its millions of inhabitants. Mr. BRIGHT himself perhaps takes an enlarged view of Indian questions, but Chambers of Commerce, if they understand their own legitimate objects, must always be partial and one-sided.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE COLONIES.

A LETTER published in the *Daily News* by the distinguished gentleman who holds the Professorship of Modern History at Oxford has permitted the *Times* to display, in the course of the week, some of its most curious affectations. Every now and then our contemporary takes a fancy for appearing in the character of an old fogey. Assuming this disguise on Tuesday last, he pretended not to know who Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH was—it was a reputation which had grown up since his day. But Mr. SMITH occupied a public office in one of our ancient Universities, and thus the respectability of his position entitled his follies to some little notice. In a similar strain, the *Times* affected a profound contempt for all "thinkers." Our contemporary must forgive us for saying that we have not a shred of belief in his disdaining either thought or Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. The *Times* knows quite well who the Oxford Professor is—nobody knows better; and, as for the "thinkers," we should like to know to which division of the working part of mankind, the speculative or the practical, the writers in the *Times* consider themselves to belong. The tone in which they sometimes write would befit Lord PALMERSTON or Earl RUSSELL in their old age descending on the corrections which contact with men and affairs had compelled them to make in the fervid theories of their youth. But the fact is, that these gentlemen are only thinkers like Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. The only difference between their situation and his is, that he seems to have faith in his intellect, while they have little or none. Without any experience of their own to appeal to, they too often put out their minds to service with the practical men, and write as if there were nothing in the world like a training in which they have not shared. It is only an affectation, but it is just a little vulgar.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH owes his unquestionable influence with the younger generation of educated men even less to the force and beauty of his style and the originality of his thoughts than to the sincerity and boldness with which he states his conclusions. His views are therefore of a kind which eminently deserve attention, even when they are wrong. In fact, if the letter which was published by the *Daily News* and republished by the *Times* be fairly examined, it will be seen that, however inadmissible are the inferences, the facts stated are not to be questioned, and the difficulties suggested are grave and almost hopeless. It is quite true that a reckless democratic spirit seems to be gaining ground in colonies peopled by the English race. It is true that in the West Indies we are paying heavily to keep up a low negro civilization, and that in the East we make little or no progress towards discharging adequately the immense moral responsibilities which we have incurred. But then liberating ourselves from these embarrassments by casting off our colonies and dependencies is like giving up a problem instead of fagging on till it is solved. The fallacy of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's argument appears to lie in his assumption that the communities sheltered under the wing of Great Britain are kept by her protection from unmingled and acknowledged good. But are there no evils attendant on independence? All are agreed that, where the longing for it really exists, it is better to satisfy it at all risks than to starve a passion which dries up the life-blood if it be not gratified. But, India apart, the English colonies have their pride of nationality more than satiated by their connexion with the old country. They do not want to be independent; and when it comes to enfranchising them against their will, it must be asked whether we have the right to expose them, out of timidity or fatigue, to the evils from which the tutelage of the Mother-country now delivers them. Of all contemporary writers, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH would be the last to deny that a great nation is morally answerable for the discharge of the responsibilities plainly confided to her. Now, through all history, the question of the best way of mitigating or removing the evils of small nationalities is perpetually suggesting itself. How shall they be prevented from tearing one another to pieces in war, or from impoverishing themselves by preparing for it? One solution has been supplied by great despotic empires which have swallowed them up in multitudes, "lapping" them in universal law," but crushing human freedom and robbing man of his dignity. Another seemed, till the other day, to have been supplied by the principle of federation. The American Union appeared to have proved that the people of a number of small States could, by a simple con-

vention, secure to themselves a perpetual immunity from war, and the dignity of citizenship in a great commonwealth, without sacrificing personal freedom or local independence. But that experiment has collapsed, and only one more remained to be tried out—the experiment in colonial Government which this country is now attempting. Surely it is better to fight on in spite of present discouragements, and to summon all the resources of statesmanship to our aid, rather than consign our dependencies to that condition of Spanish America which, now that the American Federation has broken up, seems to be the most probable destiny of a group of emancipated dependencies.

The question we have indicated is not the only one which would be settled unfavourably if Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH had his way. If the compatibility of freedom with greatness is deemed by mankind to be established, it is principally because there is England before their eyes with her constellation of colonies and dependencies around her. With the American Republic overwhelmed by its present misfortunes, and with Italian freedom yet crude and insecure, this country has now the sole responsibility of keeping up the demonstration that a free people may be powerful. The compensation which the newer race of despots offer for the loss of liberty is external strength and greatness, and it must be allowed that many nations would be only too ready to accept it if the example of England did not prove that there is no necessity for paying so great a price in exchange for the satisfaction of dazzling or alarming one's neighbours. That an insignificant community may preserve its freedom has long since been shown by Switzerland; but what Frenchman or Russian would consent to be a Swiss for the sake of being a Swiss freeman? Is, then, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH really persuaded that England, deprived of her colonies and of India, would wear before the world the same air of grandeur with which she is now invested? Grant all he writes as to the worthlessness of this dependent empire calculated in money, and it has still to be shown that the augmentation of wealth and strength which he promises us from its sacrifice is likely to impose on mankind as majestically as does at present the possession of merely apparent power. Except in time of war, the influence which one nation exerts over another is one of impression. It is created, not by the reality, but by the semblance of greatness. But it is quite impossible to over-estimate the impression made on foreign observers by the Colonial Empire which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is for surrendering. In one of the most striking of recent productions—the notice of HALLAM, the historian, read at the beginning of last month to the French Academy of Moral Sciences by M. MIGNET—there occurs a passage which may serve to show what difference the first men of France perceive between Imperial England and the insular England which is all-sufficient for Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. Speaking of HALLAM's great work on Constitutional History, "Il apprenait au monde," writes M. MIGNET, "comment un peuple que l'exiguïté de son territoire, la tristesse de son climat, la défaveur de sa position devait laisser dans un rang inférieur parmi les peuples, s'était élevé si haut par l'excellence de ses institutions. . . . avait suppléé aux disgrâces anciennes de la nature par les précoces fécondités du travail, surmonté la petitesse de son sol par la grandeur de sa puissance, dominé les mers par ses vaisseaux, répandu ses produits sur les continents, et couvert de ses établissements la terre." Who can say that England, cut down to the limits which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH would assign to her, would not again become, in the view of M. MIGNET's countrymen, that second-rate Power which M. MIGNET considers that nature intended her to be? Assuming that she displays a commercial and manufacturing activity never before equalled, who can promise that she will produce a greater effect on her neighbours than Holland produced, before the first French Revolution, on the great despots which surrounded her?

THE COTTON DIFFICULTY.

THE doctrinaire people who found all their practical conclusions on the strict laws of political economy are certain to find themselves right in the long run, but it is astonishing to see the pertinacity with which they ignore the disturbing causes that interfere with the regular working of the *laissez-faire* theory on which they pin their faith. If the question of the best mode of securing an adequate supply of cotton were less momentous than it is, it would be amusing to trace the successive fallacies which have been propounded from time to time upon the supposed authority of unquestionable

science. When the present civil war first cast its shadow, not only over America, but over the whole commercial world, the glib answer which was cast in the teeth of all alarmists was, that the law of demand and supply would somehow or other make everything right. We should still want cotton, and because we wanted it, it could not but come. As a general rule, it is true enough that the wants of those who are ready to pay will never permanently remain unsatisfied, and the cotton trade is no exception to the general course of business. But our cheerful theorists seemed utterly to forget the time that must elapse before the demand of Lancashire could stimulate merchants to speculate in India, or to smuggle from New Orleans, or encourage timid farmers with scanty means to stake everything upon the continuance of high prices, and grow all the cotton which Manchester might desire. As in mechanical, so also in economical science, there is a vast amount of friction of which pure theory often takes no account. But for this, perpetual motion, instead of being the hobby of crack-brained enthusiasts, would be the rule of all mechanical action; and but for the moral friction which plays an analogous part in political economy, we should be absolutely proof against the failure of any important article of commerce, and prices would be subject to no other fluctuations than those which flow directly from the uncertainty of the seasons. Another error of the same character has joined with that which we have noticed in baffling the calculations of those who were most sanguine of easily tiding over the cotton difficulty. It is a favourite notion, and one founded on experience, that there is no power which can withstand, or even appreciably impede, the great moving force of self-interest. On this view, every obstacle is reducible to a money standard. No blockade, it was confidently affirmed, could keep cotton from finding its way from Charleston to Liverpool, when the difference in price at the two ports had reached a certain amount. So much risk would always be run for so much money, and the utmost that any hostile operations could do would be to add so many cents per pound to the insurance of a cargo from the Confederate States to England. As for the idea that the belligerent cotton-planters of the South would of their own accord keep their only export in their own stores, this was crumpled up by the sarcasms of our scientific teachers, and Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS's prohibitions were ridiculed as the merest bombast. But now that the result is known, we see how idle it was to ignore the hindrances which must delay the opening-up of new channels of trade, or to despise the physical and moral obstacles to the maintenance of the old traffic.

Whether the people of the Southern States would persist in holding their cotton if there were any chance of smuggling it to the European market, we have scarcely the means of pronouncing an opinion; but one of two things is certain. Either the difference between 4d. and 13d. a pound is insufficient to overcome the patriotic scruples of the Confederates, or else a blockade which is certainly not the most efficient possible, has nevertheless been successful in entirely stopping a traffic which offers unheard-of profits, and on which the richest and most energetic class in the world is dependent for its salvation. The fervent orators who seek to drive this country from her neutrality forget that their denunciations of a paper blockade do not altogether harmonize with their unfortunately too true pictures of the sufferings which it is entailing on Lancashire. Certain it is, at any rate, that the law of demand and supply has failed to overcome the obstacles presented by the fleet of the Northern States, or the legislation of the South. *Laissez faire* maxims have, for the moment, been fairly beaten by influences which were thought by some unworthy of serious consideration. Now, what is the moral of this? Certainly not that the deductions of science are false. There is now, if possible, even less doubt than there was a year ago, that sooner or later Manchester will have all the cotton she needs. A commodity which can be raised in almost any part of the world, and shipped to Liverpool for about half the money which it will realize there, is as certain to come in abundance, if the present rates continue, as water is to find its level. But the question is one of time. While we are waiting for natural laws to operate, factory hands are starving, and factory owners working at a loss. Still, Manchester for the most part holds by its narrow doctrine, that it is not for manufacturers to do anything more than bid a fair price for the material they require. They protest, indeed, against the hostile tariff of the Indian Government, and they ought to succeed, and no doubt will succeed, in

procuring its repeal. Having done this, they seem prepared to wait for others to create the supply which they know will eventually respond to their offers. And yet what a petty view this is of the position which should be assumed by a body possessed of almost incalculable power and resources, in the face of a calamity which is not only pressing heavily on themselves, but is bringing their workpeople rapidly to destitution! There is no law of science, no maxim of trade, which, if properly understood, would forbid the great consumers of a raw material such as cotton from exerting themselves to increase its production. Even they would admit that, if the change were certain to pay—as it must do if the dearth of American cotton continues—no time should be lost in adapting their processes to the use of the only substitute for the old supply which the world has as yet to offer them in anything like the measure which they need. But it is said to be the exception rather than the rule for a spinner to alter his machinery so as to fit it for Indian cotton. Here, again, we have another example of the fallacies into which too rigid a following-out of general laws conducts us. Nothing can be more obvious than that factories will be fitted to work up inferior cotton when the best samples are no longer to be met with; but habit and caution delay a change which must soon be regarded as inevitable, and the evils of the transition period are prolonged—we can scarcely say how much—by the refusal of those most interested to move out of their beaten track.

If all manufacturers were unanimous on the subject, it would be safe enough to hold by the maxim that every one understands best how to conduct his own business, and it would be quite right to deprecate impertinent comments. But the real position of affairs is this. A few of the more enterprising mill-owners are accepting heartily the new order of things, making the best they can of Indian cotton, and using their utmost endeavours to stimulate Indian production; while the many cling to the old ways, and feel themselves called upon to do nothing out of the ordinary course to shorten the sharp time of trial which four or five millions of industrious workmen have to face. Whether the energetic few or the cautious majority are right is a question which depends much more upon political than upon strictly commercial considerations. If the stoppage of the American supply is to be permanent, or even if the exports from the Southern States are to be seriously diminished for any considerable time, those who have thrown themselves with all their energy into the new order of things will reap their reward. On the other hand, if it is a reasonable expectation that the American war will soon cease, and that on the instant the cotton production of the South will be resumed on its old scale, those manufacturers who prefer to wait for the expected millennium of "New Orleans Middlings" may perhaps congratulate themselves on their superior sagacity. It is not necessary to be a manufacturer to weigh the probabilities of an early termination of the American struggle, and the best judge in the world of a sample of cotton may form a very mistaken estimate of the resources of the North or the tenacity of the South. The stimulus of a personal interest in the question may go far to quicken the apprehension of the mill-owners, and to entitle them to speak with more authority than others. But they are even now divided in their views; and seeing that the course of the more enterprising among them is that which promises the speediest relief to the distress which is setting in in the busy hive of Lancashire, we are not going beyond our province in urging manufacturers to consider whether the more patriotic course which some have taken may not also be the more prudent, and whether the general reluctance to enter upon new paths may not be attributable as much to the force of habit as to superior foresight. After all, these are matters which those concerned must decide entirely for themselves; but those who look upon the crisis from a national point of view will rejoice if the decision of Manchester should be in favour of more energetic efforts than she has yet made to re-establish our staple industry upon a foundation somewhat less uncertain than the slave-labour of the Confederate States.

THE LOYAL IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

AN Irish agitation for an intrinsically legitimate and laudable object is one of the rarest of moral phenomena; and it is, therefore, peculiarly painful, when such a movement challenges our notice, to be compelled to refuse it

our support. Theoretically, nothing can be more unexceptionable than the aim of the Loyal Rifle Volunteer Association, which, as we learn from the Irish papers, has just been making a "demonstration" in Dublin. There is certainly no *a priori* reason why loyal Irishmen should not be permitted to share with their English and Scottish fellow-subjects in the honourable responsibilities of national defence. The sister country is unquestionably exposed to the same possible perils against which 160,000 citizen soldiers are arrayed on this side of the Channel, and its inhabitants enjoy a well-merited reputation for military aptitude. There is no doubt that drill and rifle practice would come as naturally to the finest peasantry in the world as to British clerks and shopkeepers; and the spectacle of a people's spontaneous zeal and patriotism would be as edifying in one section of the United Kingdom as in the other. It is impossible to deny that the confessed disinclination of the Government to organize a Volunteer army in Ireland suggests inferences which it would be satisfactory to believe groundless, and which wise statesmen would not gratuitously countenance. Nevertheless, there is no man in his sober senses on either side of the Channel who would not be more than astonished if he were to learn that the institution which has worked so well in England was about to be extended to the sister island. Notwithstanding all that is said, and truly said, about the diminution of crime, the diffusion of education, the abatement of sectarian animosities, and other signs of popular progress, it is universally felt that what is safe, expedient, and useful here, would be highly unsafe and mischievous there. By the common consent of all sane politicians, the establishment of an Irish Volunteer force must remain adjourned to a more convenient season.

As it is always unpleasant to have to give precise reasons for an apparently invidious distinction, we ought to feel obliged to agitators who take the trouble of furnishing a short and simple answer to an inadmissible demand. This good service has just been rendered by the noblemen and gentlemen whose names lend a certain odour of respectability to the Loyal Irish Rifle Volunteer Association, and by the ragamuffins who seem to constitute its working strength. If any very simple friend of "justice to Ireland" has ever, in the innocence of his heart, wondered why Ireland should not have her volunteer corps as well as England, he will find a sufficient explanation of the fact in the proceedings of a recent meeting of that Association. It is described by an ultra-Liberal Dublin journal as having been "densely crowded" and "highly animated;" but the crowd was altogether of the wrong sort, and the animation was, to say the least, strongly tinged with sedition. A couple of peers had promised to give the sanction of their presence to a movement which they ostensibly patronize, but they sent long letters instead, full of glowing professions of patriotic zeal. The Earl of LIMERICK, who was to have presided, "most anxiously" "trusted" that everything would go off well without him; and Lord MASSARENE—described by a friendly pen as "one of the ablest and most ardent supporters of the cause"—had most unluckily "received a command to dine with the LORD-LIEUTENANT at the very hour announced for the holding of the meeting." One would be curious to know whether Lord MASSARENE's after-dinner conversation with his Excellency bore any resemblance, in tone and subject-matter, to the furiously patriotic epistle which expressed his unflinching devotion to the claims of Ireland, and his burning resentment at the insult cast upon his countrymen by the base jealousy of a Saxon Government. The truth will probably never be known, but we greatly fear that his Lordship entirely forgot to denounce the malignity and falsehood of the revilers of his native land in a quarter where his invectives would at any rate have gone straight to their mark. In the absence of the noble patrons whose influence might possibly have secured some respect for the decencies of political discussion, the meeting began, continued, and ended in hopeless confusion. The assembly appears to have largely consisted of youths of the class who crowd the galleries of a suburban theatre on boxing-night, and there seems no reason to question the appropriateness of the chairman's reproof when he told the congregated patriots that they "had come there like screeching devils, instead of Irishmen looking for their constitutional rights." One or two of the speakers succeeded in commanding a momentary hearing by the frank expression of treasonable sentiments, which were received with obstreperous applause; but, for the most part, articulate speech found no listeners. It is probable, judging from the vehement cheering which re-

warded the mover of the principal resolution of the evening, when he said that "they came there that night "to do what they did in '82," that the auditory might have been induced to behave decently if the speeches had been uniformly and consistently seditious; and we can quite believe that if The O'DONOGHUE (whose absence was loudly deplored) had occupied the chair, the meeting would have been tolerably harmonious. The promoters of the demonstration, however, were evidently solicitous to keep it within the limits of legal and constitutional agitation, and consequently there was no managing their disappointed and exasperated fellow-patriots. A scene of almost unbroken disorder ended in something very like a riot. The chairman "hurriedly vacated" his seat when the row was at its highest—a "general rush" ensued—the police were sent for—and all was over.

It is to be regretted that there should be any part of the British dominions in which it would clearly be inexpedient to place arms in the hands of all such of Her MAJESTY's subjects as are willing to submit to military discipline. It is only too plain, however, that Ireland has much both to learn and to unlearn before the experiment which has answered so admirably well in this country can be advantageously tried on the other side of the Channel. Under present circumstances, the attempt to raise an Irish Volunteer army could only be rendered safe by a process of selection and rejection which would produce an infinity of bad feeling, and which would perpetuate rather than remove those sectarian and party divisions which all good men are anxious to efface. The least part of the difficulty would be the necessity of excluding those—probably a very limited class—with whom volunteering simply means armed sedition. Religious and party discord is far more to be dreaded than actual disloyalty to the Crown. There are, it may be feared, few parts of Ireland where it would be judicious to enrol Protestants and Catholics indiscriminately in the same corps, and yet it is clearly quite out of the question to give official recognition to sectarian antipathies by making creed the basis of a military organization. Belfast is a respectable, flourishing, and loyal town, but it would be almost as undesirable to extend the familiarity of its inhabitants with the use of deadly weapons as to teach Tipperary boys to make centres at a thousand yards. Every right-minded man must hope to see the day when it will be possible for the State to accept the military services of all Irishmen who are able and willing to shoulder a musket, but that day is certainly not yet come. It takes more than a single generation of peaceful industry and just government for a people to forget the traditions of centuries of strife, and to shake off the influence of agitators who have systematically debauched and demoralized the national mind. When Ireland shall have managed to exist for a few years without No-Popery riots, without agrarian murders, and without treasonable demonstrations, it will be time to consider the expediency of giving a military organization to volunteer loyalty and zeal. In the meanwhile, Liberal Irish peers might usefully cultivate a higher form of patriotism than that which consists in lending a sham support to abortive "movements" which they are too indolent to control within decent limits or to direct to any rational result.

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE.

THE great Windham case, which branched out into so many irrelevant lines of inquiry, and suggested so many difficult problems of social life, must have drawn the attention of a considerable section of the public to one of the most curious subjects that can be discussed—viz., the real value of special knowledge. Great mad doctors came forward on one side, and deposed that Mr. Windham was as mad as a March hare; and great mad doctors came forward on the other side, and deposed that he was merely a headstrong boy whose education had been neglected. The general public set down both halves of this conflicting testimony as equally worthless; and persons who had never bestowed an hour's thought on the symptoms of insanity arrived at the rapid conclusion that they were not only as good judges of madness as mad doctors are, but were much better judges, and that their superiority might be measured by the degree of completeness to which their want of all knowledge and thought on the subject had been carried. Calmer observers were obliged to confess that mad doctors could not be trusted to decide on a particular case of alleged madness, although they were alive to the seeming absurdity of saying that the less a man knew about a point the better he could judge of it. And yet, if we examine popular language, we find the same deprecia-

tory estimate of special knowledge with regard to a thousand other subjects besides questions of bodily or mental health. It is not only that in courts of justice the evidence of skilled witnesses, as they are termed, is habitually slighted, but in many non-legal questions people who have thought and read on the subject are currently held to have no advantage over the ignorant. For example, in theology there are many circles where biblical points of great difficulty are confidently discussed with great solemnity, and on set occasions; and yet no one of the disputants has any knowledge of the languages in which the sacred books were written, or of the writings of great men upon the points at issue, or of the light which church history throws on most questions that can interest a theologian. In art, again, people do not hesitate to say that they differ from the opinion of eminent living painters, take no pleasure in their works, and think them wholly on a wrong tack; and yet these judges would feel no hesitation or shame in owning that they were ignorant of the first principles of perspective, had never troubled themselves about the harmony of colours, and had never looked at the same portion of a landscape for ten consecutive minutes. In politics, and especially in disquisitions on foreign politics, special knowledge of the country touched on is not allowed to overpower our general judgments as to its position and conduct. Mr. Roebuck probably knows more facts about Austria than nine-tenths of the people who favour the Hungarians; and many of the advocates of French Imperialism know the French people much more intimately than those who criticize adversely the career of Louis Napoleon. And yet in many things we defer to special knowledge at once. We trust an experienced fisherman as to the proper fly to use; we bow to the censure of a first-rate whist player; we let a really good scholar interpret for us a difficult passage in a Greek play. There must be some reason why, in some cases, special knowledge is at once received as having at least a *prima facie* weight, while in others it receives hardly any consideration at all from the mass of mankind.

A large portion of the contempt showered down on special knowledge is merely the overflowing of the insolent vanity of ignorance. Knowledge is despised because the ignorant do not even know what knowledge means. Popular theology dispenses with special knowledge as a key to difficulties, because it does not see the difficulties at all. A sufficient number of assumptions has been gradually stored up to cover over all flaws in argument. An Englishman is content to pass a judgment about Italy or Austria which it is easy and pleasant to form, simply because it has given no trouble. It is the habit of passing such judgments that at once astonishes and repels the Continentals. They are at a loss to understand how an Englishman who does not know whether the Assembly at Pesth was composed of Magyars or Slaves, who has never heard of the Pragmatic Sanction, and who does not know the name of any other Hungarian but Kossuth, can be as sure of the rightfulness of the claims of the Hungarians as he is of the accuracy of the first proposition of Euclid. In art, again, the popular judgment is often entirely based on the fact that those who pronounce it have never had their artistic capabilities educated. They like one thing, and a good musician likes another, for the same reason that a landlubber likes a calm, and a blue-jacket likes a nice breeze. They have not learnt to stand good music. People are also greatly encouraged in their contempt of special knowledge by the ease and satisfaction with which they revive exploded errors. A metaphysician, for example, starts a proposition; the general reader thinks over it, sees an objection to it, and laughs at it. The objection is so obvious that he has a great triumph in thinking that he hits on it at once, while the learned man failed to see it during his years of toil. The metaphysician could probably inform him that this new objection was one of his own earliest and crudest thoughts on the subject, but that he long since abandoned it on seeing its fallacy exposed in a treatise written two thousand years ago by a Greek.

There is, however, something besides the vanity of ignorance at the bottom of the distrust of special knowledge. In the first place, for the particular purposes of an individual, or of a set of persons, special knowledge may have no great value. The special knowledge of a theologian is, in one sense, unimportant to every one. The vital power of religion is a thing independent of questions of scholarship or history, and a reader can form his heart and mould his life by dwelling on the contents of sacred books which he could not interpret so as to satisfy scholars. People who know nothing about theology may perhaps edify one another by expounding points as to which they have not even the materials for forming a superficial judgment. In art, people have a right to say that they do not like a picture which represents colours they have never witnessed or noticed, and that they cannot relish a piece of music which their ear cannot embrace. The object of art is to satisfy artistic longings, and, so far as they are concerned, it is quite true that the creations they object to do not satisfy their little feeble artistic feelings. A depreciation of special knowledge in such instances conveys nothing to an intelligent hearer but a comfortable euphemism expressing the speaker's defective education. Nor is it at all necessary that the feeling embodied in the verdict of persons without special knowledge, and referring tacitly to their own peculiar case, should be a poor or base one. In theology, as we have said, every one

has a right to exalt the essentials of religion over the decorations of scholastic knowledge; and so in politics there are many purposes for which the very imperfect and hasty judgments of the uninstructed Englishman on Continental affairs have a real value. A Sheffield artisan who suspects that *Punch* is right, and that the Emperor of Austria has taught Mr. Roebuck how to bark, may know very little of the merits of the dispute between the Diet of Pesth and the Court of Vienna, but he has clear and solid views on the general proposition that a constitutional monarch is bound by the Constitution. This, after all, is the important point to him personally. To this he sticks, and in this he is quite right. So, too, there is great warrant for the opinion entertained by most Englishmen that the merits of Imperialism cannot be discussed simply with reference to the state of a particular nation at a particular time, that there are great permanent political truths which Imperialism attacks, and that no deference to a superior acquaintance with modern France must be allowed to impair the vigour of personal belief with which an Englishman is prepared at any time to defend these truths with all his might.

Special knowledge may also be viewed, not only with reference to the personal circumstances and feelings of individuals, but with regard to some larger issue of which it only can solve a fraction. A skilled witness, for example, on a trial for murder, deposes that arsenic sufficient to cause death has been discovered in the body, and that all the symptoms attending death were such symptoms as arsenic would have produced. This obviously is only one link in the proof that the man who stands in the dock is the murderer. In the Windham case, it is possible that the physicians might have established that there was madness in some sense, but that room should have been left open to doubt whether this was the sense in which the law pronounced a man mad whose property it placed out of his control, and whether society would most gain or lose by having sufferers under such a form of madness placed under any restriction. In theology, after we have arrived at all that a scholarly knowledge of Greek can tell us of the New Testament, we may proceed to inquire what relation a knowledge of the syntax and vocabulary of the writers bears to a full appreciation of their meaning. We may often hold to the main point at issue, and decide by the light it affords, although men of special knowledge convince us that our general bias has led us wrong on matters of detail with which they are familiar. We may, for example, cling to the conviction that the Pope ought not to be allowed to inflict the miseries of ecclesiastical government on any body of people against its will, although our special knowledge of the machinery of the Roman Church may be great enough to make us distrust the popular opinion that the Pope is likely to gain by dropping his temporal power. It is because in practical life the issue which special knowledge can decide is so often bound up with issues it cannot decide, that a distrust of it, if it is supposed to be decisive of the sum of all the issues, rests on a valid foundation. In such matters as whist playing or fly-fishing, there are no further issues except that within the province of the man of special knowledge. But in matters where intelligent experience is not so sure a guide, and where the issue is really a complex one, special knowledge can only decide a part of the whole, and this may often be a much less important part than men of special knowledge are inclined to think.

But in its own territory special knowledge is supreme. That arsenic administered by the prisoner caused the death of the deceased is a very wide issue, embracing many subordinate issues; and the sum of issues can be judged as well by a jurymen as a chemist. But the subordinate issue, whether arsenic in a certain quantity was found in the body, is one that a chemist alone is competent to decide. It may have only a slight bearing on the general question of the relations of Austria to Hungary to know what was the nature of the centralizing policy of the Schwarzenberg-Bach Ministry. But so far as it has any bearing at all, the man who knows the subject sees this bearing, and the man who does not know the subject does not see this bearing. It often, however, happens that special knowledge consists not only in knowing facts, but in connecting them with a particular theory, or making them serve a general induction. The science may not be sufficiently advanced to offer any high degree of certainty as to the truth of this theory or general induction. The facts, for example, recognised by the medical profession generally are by one set of persons connected with the theory of allopathy, and by another set with the theory of homœopathy. The particular issue, therefore, as to the treatment to be adopted in a particular case, will receive a different solution according as one or the other set is addressed. One set of doctors said that the symptoms observed in Mr. Windham's case were consistent with their theory of the evidence of insanity, while the other set said that these symptoms were not consistent with their theory on the same subject; and so the two sets contradicted each other. This only shows that the special knowledge in such cases is imperfect; but so far as it exists at all, it is final for all its own special purposes. People ordinarily believe that doctors, whichever "pathy" they may adopt, know more of diseases than non-professional persons do. No one carries his distrust of the special knowledge of doctors so far as to grudge them a guinea if he himself feels really ill. If there is no special knowledge at all as to madness—if there are no pro-

positions with regard to insanity and the evidence establishing it which experience and induction teach professional men—of course it can be of no use to call mad doctors in any case of alleged lunacy. But so far as special knowledge exists, and so far as it has a bearing on the case, those who have it must be better judges than those who have not got it.

JOHN WESLEY'S LOVE PASSAGE.

A CURIOUS pamphlet has lately been reprinted from an edition published by a Mr. Hook, in 1848, of a transcript of a MS. in the British Museum, under the title—"Narrative of a Remarkable Transaction in the Early Life of John Wesley." We are indebted to Mr. Russell Smith for the new edition, which is enriched and illustrated by a review of the work by the late Rev. Joseph Hunter. This review perfectly vindicates the authenticity of the MS. which is in the British Museum—"Add. MSS. 7119"—and details its history. It consists of two parts—one a narrative in prose, which is a copy, and avowedly written by an amanuensis, and another a narrative in verse, in John Wesley's own handwriting. The two narratives relate to the same transaction. About the transaction itself there can be no dispute. There is not one of Wesley's biographers who does not speak, with more or less distinctness, of Wesley's intention to marry one Grace Murray, and of the fact that the marriage was prevented by Charles Wesley. No suspicions are entertained by Mr. Hunter of the genuineness of this document; nor, on its first publication, was any dispute raised on this point. The evidence on this head is complete and unsailable. Differing in this respect from Collet's forgery of certain love-letters purporting to be written by John Wesley in his youth, this "Narrative" is undoubtedly a genuine fragment of biography, of which the principal person concerned—the celebrated John Wesley himself—says, "Hardly has such a case been from the beginning of the world." A lost chapter in any hagiology has its interest. When a dropped stitch is taken up in the personal biography of one who, for good or for evil, has influenced the religious life of millions, it is, as a mere contribution to the curiosities of literature, valuable; but in a psychological point of view the study of this strange and bewildering love-story, with all its labyrinth of romance and religion, the hero and heroine of which were John Wesley and his servant-maid, has another and superior value. No doubt the first aspect of the thing is its utter grotesqueness. *Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori* might be a safe counsel to a libertine patrician, but the leading cases of Briseis and Tecmessa one would hardly expect to find ruling the most influential preacher and the greatest ecclesiastical innovator of the eighteenth century.

Yet this is the substance of the present narrative. In the year 1748, John Wesley being of the mature age of forty-five, a conference of the Methodist Society was held in London, in which "after a free and friendly debate," the remarkable conclusion was arrived at—probably with a view as well to certain sweet smarts raging in Wesley's own bosom as to a charitable desire that the world should not absolutely come to an end—"that a believer might marry without suffering loss in his soul." Two or three months afterwards we find John Wesley—or rather John Wesley finds himself—sick in bed at Newcastle, "attended continually by Grace Murray," a widow of thirty-three, who in a very odd way seems to have been his companion in travel, a fellow-labourer in attending to the societies, and at the same time his private servant. Wesley, after "observing her temper, sense, and behaviour," "sliding into it I know not how," told her, "If ever I marry, I think you will be the person." Grace Murray snaps at the offer, and from that time, as the prose narrative has it, "I conversed with her as my own." In the poetical form Wesley puts it—

My soul a kindred spirit found;
By Heaven entrusted to my care
The daughter of my faith and prayer.

From heaven the grateful ardour came,
Pure from the dross of low desire;
Well pleased I marked the guiltless frame [blame?]
Nor dared to damp the sacred fire;
Heaven's choicest gift on man bestowed,
Strengthening our hearts and hands in God.

From that glad hour, with growing love,
Heaven's latest, dearest gift I viewed;
While pleased each moment to improve,
We urged our way with strength renewed.

Oh, (though as yet the nuptial tie
Was not) clasping her hand in mine,
"What force," she said, "beneath the sky,
Can now our well-knit souls disjoin?"

But the course of such true and Arcadian love, even in the apostle of a revived gospel, did not run smooth. We must condense as we can this strange story.

Wesley's declaration of love occurs on August 4, 1748. The two turtles travel together through Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and in September the lady is left in Cheshire with one John

Bennet, an itinerant preacher. Already the fair and spiritual widow had gone through a courtship from one Brydon, also a Methodist preacher. As soon as Wesley was off the scene, Grace Murray and Bennet commence love-making, or perhaps renew an old and dormant flirtation; and the lady accepts Bennet at once, formally promises to become his wife, and writes a wonderful letter to Wesley, asking his consent and blessing, "believing it to be the will of God." A regular complication occurs. The gay and spiritual widow retains the two strings to her bow, and is alternately on and off with Wesley and Bennet; and, after much dissimulation on every side, upon Wesley urging the doctrine of precontract in his own favour, she is on with the old love though not quite off with the new. Bennet is dismissed, and in 1749, when Wesley goes on a missionary tour in Ireland, Grace Murray, now affianced to him at Dublin by a contract *de presenti*, accompanies him in the triple character of domestic servant, friend, and co-apostle. For several months, in a position which, in anybody but an apostle, might have had its dangers, Wesley leads about a sister who is not a wife. The episode with Bennet was believed to be over, and in September this unmarried couple of fellow-travellers return to Bristol. Here the fair Grace "hears some idle tales concerning me [J. W.] and Molly Francis," and in a sudden fury of jealousy recalls Bennet by a secret and loving letter. Bennet, surprised and pleased, promises to meet her when she came to the North, where, still in company with Wesley, she soon arrives. Here the three met at Epworth, in Lancashire. "A curious scene now comes on." Wesley retaliates, accepts the widow's decision, and not only gives her up, but thinks it right that they, *i.e.* Grace and Bennet, should marry without delay. The lady, however, is a match for this move. She takes to her bed, and sending for poor perplexed J. W., assures him from this vantage ground "that she loves him a thousand times better than she ever loved Bennet; but she is afraid, if she does not marry Bennet, he will run mad," and therefore resolves to marry Bennet, while professing her unalterable love for Wesley. After a day or two of this curious game, Wesley brings the matter to an issue, and leaves the lovely Abigail with this final declaration on her part—"I am determined to live and die with you." The two turtles, again reconciled, and Bennet once more dismissed, set out to Berwick, visiting the Societies, on very amicable, and of course apostolic, terms; "yet," says Wesley, "I could not consent to her repeated request to marry me immediately." In this game of cross-purposes, it seems that, as soon as either party is inclined for instant matrimony, Barkis is not willing. Whether it was that Wesley was resolved to pay the lady in her own coin, or whether he began seriously to foresee the consequences to his own position and usefulness of marrying a domestic servant, he again hung back. He must satisfy Bennet. He must procure his brother Charles Wesley's consent. He must send an account of the proposed marriage to all the Societies. In other words, he wanted to prevent the match with Bennet, and yet not to commit himself irrevocably. He wished to keep the woman bound by her promise, and himself free not to fulfil his own engagement. Something of the same sort of irresolution—if we are not to call it treachery or duplicity—has been assigned by one of Wesley's biographers, Dr. Whitehead, as the cause of the failure of an earlier *affaire de cœur* of the author of Methodism—his Georgian love suit with Miss Sophy Causton; but in this case the timid or vacillating lover found out to his cost, in the *furens quid famina possit*, what might come of trifling with the feelings of a high-spirited and vindictive woman. However, under these circumstances, Wesley and Grace Murray find themselves at Berwick, in September, 1749. From Berwick they travel together to Newcastle, where they "converse together till late at night," and "she gave me all assurances of the most intense affection." The natural consequences follow. The reunion of the lovers revives the old flame; mutual pledges are revived; the solemn promise to take each other is repeated with new formalities, and the old contract at Dublin is renewed in the presence of witnesses, under date September 21; and on that day, when Wesley goes to Whitehaven, "she stood looking after me till I was up the hill."

At this moment, Charles Wesley comes on the stage, in consequence of a letter from John, informing him of the whole affair, and enclosing the copy of a letter of strong remonstrance which he had written to Bennet on the 7th of September, and in which he asserts his intention to marry the fair Grace. Charles is of course stupefied at the news. He flies down from Bristol to Leeds, finds "all the town in an uproar, and the Societies ready to fly in pieces." At length the brothers meet. Charles urges John against the degrading match, and insists on the precontract between Grace and Bennet. It does not exactly appear what the immediate result of the fraternal counsel was. Great was the casuistry displayed on the knotty point of the two contracts entered into by the lady. Charles Wesley sets out for Newcastle to see Grace Murray. John Wesley is alone and in a sea of perplexities. He fasts, he prays, he asks light and direction; his mind sways backwards and forwards; but he writes a letter to Grace, which letter does not appear. Whitefield next comes on the scene, but does not mend matters. Wesley felt that he was playing a double part. At length, on Monday, the 5th of October, Charles Wesley, who had not been idle in the mean-

time, returns to the town of Whitehaven, and announces that Bennet and Grace had been married on the previous Tuesday. We left Ariadne in Naxos, that is at Newcastle, looking after Bacchus—we mean John Wesley—riding up Hineley Hill. She had quite dismissed all thoughts of Bennet. Her heart was with her affianced lover at Whitehaven anxiously waiting his return. But John Wesley has dreams, and sad presages, and instead of presenting himself, sends, as we have seen, only the mysterious letter. And as soon as this letter from Whitehaven arrives, so does Charles Wesley, who takes the matter and the lady in hand—and a high hand too. Sending for Bennet to Newcastle, the beginning of the end is not far distant. Charles Wesley lays the whole blame upon John, "as having used his whole art and authority to seduce another man's wife," *i.e.* John Bennet's affianced wife. The rest of it we prefer to tell in John Wesley's own words:—

This was the scope of all his [Charles's] discourse with Grace Murray at Newcastle. The effect of what he and J. B. said (for they spoke just alike) was, that all in the house (unless one or two that were instant in prayer) were set on fire, filled with anger and confusion, and driven to their wit's end. S. Porter would leave the house immediately; John Whitford would preach with Mr. W. no more; Mat. Errington dreamed the house itself was all in flames (and most certainly it was); another dreamer went a step further, and saw Mr. W. in hell fire; Jane Keath was peremptory, "John W. is a child of the devil," coming pretty near J. B. himself, whose repeated words were, "If John W. is not damned, there is no God."

When J. B. was so clearly convinced "the fault lay all in me," G. M. and he were brought together. She fell at his feet, acknowledged she had used him ill, and begged he would forgive her. To satisfy her entirely as to any scruple which might remain with regard to me, one was brought in to assure her, "I had given her up, and would have nothing more to say to her; only I had ordered him to procure some place among the country Societies, where she might live privately." Upon this, one cried out, "Good God! what will the world say? He is tired of her, and so thrusts his Wh— into a corner. Sister M., will you consent to this?" She answered, "No; I will die first." So, seeing no other way, she frankly declared, "I will have J. B., if he will have me."

On Tuesday morning, Oct. 3rd, they were married. They all then rode contentedly to Leeds, to give me the meeting there, as well that I might have the pleasure of seeing the bride, as that I might acknowledge my sin (those were my brother's expressions) before J. B. and them all.

But this I was not altogether ready to do; neither did I apprehend she desired my company any more; till on Friday, Oct. 6th, I was informed, "Both J. B. and his wife desired to see me." I went; but oh! what an interview! it was not soon that words could find their way. We sat weeping at each other, till I asked her, "What did you say to my brother, to make him accost me thus?" She fell at my feet and said, "she never had spoken nor could speak against me," uttering many other words to the same effect, in the midst of numberless sighs and tears. Before she rose, he fell on his knees too, and asked my pardon for what he had spoken of me. Between them both I knew not what to say or do. I can forgive, but who can redress the wrong?

After dinner I talked with her alone. She averred with the utmost emotion, being also dissolved in tears, that she never laid the blame upon me, whom she knew to be entirely innocent; that she would rather die than speak against one to whom she had so deep obligations; that at the time I first spoke to her at Newcastle she loved me above all persons living; that after her engagement with J. B. her heart was divided till she went to Ireland; and then it was wholly with me, and from that time till J. B. met us at Epworth; that after his speaking she was divided again, till I talked with her upon the road, from which hour she loved me more and more, till we parted at Hineley Hill; that, when my brother took her thence she thought he was carrying her to me; that, when she knew more of his design, she told him, "I will do nothing till I have seen Mr. W.," but that, when it was told her at Newcastle, among a thousand other things, "Mr. W. will have nothing to say to you," then she said, "Well, I will have Mr. B. if he will have me." If these things are so, hardly has such a case been from the beginning of the world!

Mr. Hunter is very indignant with Wesley. Perhaps there was as much of the traitor as of the betrayed in the matter; but the case is by no means similar to Swift's treatment of poor Vanessa. Grace and John were tolerably well matched, and each probably played a deep and double game. We can hardly, with Mr. Hunter, call "Wesley's treatment of her abominable;" nor are we prepared to indorse the terms "wretch" and "odious" which he applies to the modern apostle. There is more truth in the sober verdict which he elsewhere pronounces, that poor Bennet was a scapegoat, and that "Grace's conduct and Wesley's conduct are less easily justified or excused."

It would be difficult, in a love-chase of this sort, to say whether the event showed on which side the entire blame lay; and we may reasonably doubt whether in such matters the awards of Nemesis are always just. But Grace Bennet died in the eighty-ninth year of her age, in something like the odour of sanctity; and John Wesley, shortly after the jilting of, or by, Grace Murray, married a rich widow, Mrs. Vizelle, of whom Southey says, "that she deserves to be classed in a triad with Xantippe and the wife of Job, as one of the three bad wives." After all that we have said, it is perhaps superfluous to say that the *Narrative* is well worth reading. The allusions in Methodist history to this wonderful piece of autobiography are few and scanty. Mr. Hunter accuses the editor of Charles Wesley's *Journal*, published in 1849, of disingenuousness in suppressing that portion of it which covers the period when he was dissuading John Wesley from the untoward match with Grace Murray. The fact itself, however—that Wesley did "make an offer of marriage" to the "lady," who "was prevailed upon by Charles Wesley to marry John Bennet"—even this authority admits; and Southey, vol. ii. p. 297, seems to have been aware of the case, though not of its circumstances. Mr. Watson, another biographer of John Wesley, passes over this curious incident with a very timid and anxious step, and only just hints

at Charles Wesley's "hasty interposition to prevent his brother's marriage with Mrs. Grace Murray, a very pious and respectable woman, who was not in an elevated rank of life." This writer, however, was ignorant, we may charitably suppose, of the facts of the case, when he adds that "probably neither Charles, nor she, was aware of the strength of his attachment." What John thought of his brother's interference is clear from an unpublished letter quoted by Mr. Watson, in which he bitterly says, "The sons of Zeruiah were too strong for me. The whole world fought against me; but, above all, my own familiar friend." Miss Wesley was even more at sea if, as Mr. Watson asserts, "she laid the fault on the lady's want of explicitness."

The moral of the whole matter seems to be this very simple one—that great preachers and apostles would be wise were they not to commit themselves to any theory, or to make promises on the subject of matrimony, and especially not write books on the sinfulness of marriage, lest their own case should turn up against them. What hampered poor John Wesley throughout the "transaction" which we have reviewed, was the unfortunate treatise which he had in his cold youth published in favour of clerical celibacy. Next, the narrative suggests that when middle-aged clergymen choose to establish a flirtation with their housekeepers or housemaids, it is better not to keep a diary of the daily progress, or reverses, of the suit. Somehow or other, one's diary often turns up against one. Religious reformers have had bad luck this way. This fragment of Wesley's Confessions, which are not quite equal to St. Augustine's, is nothing to Swedenborg's Diary, which was printed at Stockholm in 1859, and certain fragments of which have got into print in England. Diaries have a wonderful vivacity. They may lie buried, like Wesley's or Swedenborg's, for a hundred years or more, and yet revive for the amusement or scandal of another generation. Last of all, if love-sick apostles will chronicle their love passages, let them leave the elegiac form of their sad and sweet experiences to Cupid's professional bards—the Tibulluses and Ovids, the Wallers or the Moores. Religious erotics are something worse than an offence against taste. If the verses with which Wesley bewails his hard lot were not an evidence of drivelling imbecility which must have been a brief insanity, we should have a worse charge to bring against the stanzas in which he bewails the tragic collapse of his love with Grace Murray:—

Such was the friend, than life more dear,
Whom in one luckless baleful hour,
(For ever mentioned with a tear)
The tempest's unresisted power
(Oh! the unutterable smart!)
Tore from my inly bleeding heart.

Unsearchable Thy judgments are,
Oh Lord, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Oh! why didst Thou the blessing send?
Or why thus snatch away my friend?

We notice several inaccuracies in the reprint. At page 58, "Grace and I were brought together," should be "Grace and he," viz. Bennet (cf. p. 41). Again, at p. 62, "disingenuous," is of course "disingenuous;" and in the preliminary remarks "one Mrs. P—" should be "Mr. P—," viz. Perronet, who was consulted by John Wesley before his marriage with Mrs. Vizzelle, in 1751.

SCENES.

CONSIDERING how popular fiction is, and that it mainly depends for its charm on scenes—that is, on humanity being exhibited in its more striking combinations, where the whole nature is stirred by emotion of some kind—it is strange what a universal horror there is of a scene in real, actual life. The very idea of being exposed to one puts us under the apprehension of being made painfully ridiculous—of being taken possession of, and losing the guardianship of ourselves. Every one shares the dread. Amongst people who represent society, the recoil is unanimous. Of course, the alarm is greatest where something harrowing and distressing is apprehended, and this needs little accounting for; but mere pleasurable excitement, if it threatens their serenity, is a thing that well-to-do, comfortable people always eschew if they can. Now we suspect that men generally assume this reluctance to having their feelings meddled with to arise from the fact that something very startling—some effect of roused emotion which should shake them to their centres—would be the consequence of breaking through their crust of reserve. They take for granted they must be cold and self-restrained outwardly, because they have such a great deal of feeling at bottom, though kept religiously out of sight. There are people, for instance, who never will say good bye, or encounter a parting, because they cannot stand it. Now we do not want scenes to come into fashion, and should be sorry to see the world turn maudlin and sentimental; but still there is a view of this horror of scenes, and this extreme solicitude to avoid them, which seems to us more in accordance with probability than the one thus readily acquiesced in. Men imagine they are afraid of any expression of feeling because they might risk exposing themselves by some unmanly excess of vehement emotion; but have they not also other grounds for evading the trial? We greatly suspect that, under this superficial belief that we should be too deeply moved

in certain situations—perhaps torn and convulsed by tragic or pathetic passion—there is a lurking, unacknowledged misgiving that possibly we should not be moved enough for our credit, or even for our self-esteem; for to discover that the crust is impenetrable—in fact no crust at all, but just nether-millstone inside and out—would be by no means gratifying to our self-love. Yet people whose feelings are never reached, who carefully keep themselves out of the way of having them tried, are much more likely to have too little feeling than too much. And how many injustices and cruelties are committed, how many abuses go on, because of this dread of breaking the tranquil surface of things! And why this dread? Because there is a vague notion that people cannot bear—that they would sink under or be permanently injured by—things which they could bear perfectly well, and which would not injure them at all. We are convinced that too much feeling, as a disinterested benevolent affection, is one of the very rarest excesses to be found in human nature. The purest feeling submits to the inevitable; and, when tinged with selfishness and obstinacy, it yields and calms itself, with whatever ill-grace, so soon as nothing is to be gained by holding out.

The majority of men, from the habit of indulging a selfish fear of pain and annoyance, have not feeling enough—they would be ashamed of themselves if they knew how little. We are justified in saying this of any one who, when nature and the occasion demand some expression, makes no sign—who is cold and forbidding when he ought to be warm and sympathizing. We cannot believe in any feeling that never shows itself, or only on extreme occasions which disorganize the mind and will, though there is a romantic notion the reverse of this, connecting a stern impassive manner, under all ordinary trials, with hidden fires and a world of unexpressed passion if it could but be reached. It may be that peculiar circumstances will rouse the smouldering flame into a brief conflagration; we may see a struggle of half temper, half feeling, in these harder natures; but what good does it do, and why do we prize it because it is hard to reach? It is not fair to value pity or tenderness in proportion as they are unwillingly given, and yet how often it is so! "You have no heart there, my dear Fontenelle," said a witty Frenchwoman, laying her hand on the waistcoat of her friend, "it is another brain;" but if Fontenelle could have been betrayed under extreme pressure to exhibit some symptoms of humanity, there are many who would deem the emotion, when it came, all the choicer and more precious for its rarity; and so, probably, would the man himself, taking good care at the same time that the thing should never happen again.

But even where there is the average of heart and kindness, how little cause there is for alarm on this head! How soon people get over things! Which of our acquaintances have we any reason to suppose has permanently suffered by his feelings? How rarely have we seen our friends deeply moved! And if we have on some trying occasion, what harm has it done them to sound for awhile the hidden depths of their nature, and how long did the pressure last? We do not wish it otherwise. We are not complaining that passionate feeling is not lasting—there would be no peace, no living if it were; but we argue from it that the alarm about scenes is not really chargeable to any excess of sentiment in most of us. We are all made of pretty tough material, and can bear a good deal. In some, the objection may no doubt be traced to a reasonable and dignified reluctance to having our more secret subtle life intruded upon without urgent necessity. In the majority, it arises from that preference of the superficial over the deep, as involving little trouble and taking least out of us, which is amongst the most universal of human characteristics, and which leads us constantly to prefer the pleasure that costs us least effort, even while we know intenser enjoyment from the exercise of our nobler faculties to be within reach. In a great many, it is attributable to the opinion that affected, shallow natures revel in scenes, and therefore that manliness must keep clear of every expression of feeling. There are people, no doubt, the opposite of those we have hitherto discussed, who have a relish for excitement of the weeping, demonstrative, tragic sort—people who, from natural fussiness and the want of good social training, love to display themselves in melodramatic action, and whose fancy is easily caught and tickled by sudden, and as it seems to them, touching situations. While they are expressing as much real emotion as is in them, they are not insensible to an agreeable consciousness of doing the thing well and putting colder natures to shame. These persons, from thinking a good deal of themselves and very likely of their family peculiarities, have less tact than their neighbours, and are apt to enlist unwilling recruits into the service of their gushing effusions; and they may well make scenes a term of horror and reproach to us all by getting them up with unsympathizing seconds, caught at unawares, who have to walk through their part in unspeakable quandary and confusion.

It is much the same spirit which enjoys these little emotional dramas that dictates the grand pompous system of breaking evil tidings, which, ingeniously managed, is greater torture than the ill news itself—the operator all the while engrossed with his own share of the performance, and so profoundly impressed with his own neat exordium as to have no attention for its effect upon the sufferer. A person well up in the art of protracting an announcement may, in the course of his gradual disclosure, convey to a lively excited imagination a taste of every conceivable calamity. Nothing comes up to what the fancy can conjure out of vague

threatenings of evil; and the curious thing is, that people of this turn—and it is another mark of their total want of observation—will always fancy others so much more tender and susceptible than they can pretend to be themselves. Men who ought to be perfectly aware that, out of their own immediate domestic circle—wife and children, and their pecuniary affairs—there is nothing they could not face calmly, and, after an hour's thought and speculation upon it, feel perfectly used to as an old idea, will "break" the most natural intelligence to men whom they have no reason to think different from themselves. They will attribute to remote consanguinity a power over the affections which belongs only to our own hearth, and will keep a man on tenter-hooks in announcing, with circumlocution and a parade of precaution, the demise of a cousin or an uncle with whom he was never a very particular ally during life. The victim would exclaim, in peevish relief, "Is that all?" but that there is an instinct in the most random of us always alive to protect the credit of our feelings. Nobody likes to take things more coolly than is expected of him—the delusion is winked at—and his friend goes on his way with all that glow and effusion of sentiment men feel when engaged in their peculiar vocation.

The fact is, feeling is a mysterious thing about which all have a curiosity in their neighbour's case so long as it can be indulged without committing one's self. How a man will take an event which closely concerns him is amongst the first speculations of the circle to which he belongs. The quickest observation, the keenest study of character, can never foretell how those they know best will be affected by any new or startling occurrence. A great many people never reason on their own sensations at all; experience does nothing to disturb a certain conventional standard of propriety. But this is not all. Feeling is, in fact, a capricious quality, subject to a hundred unaccountable influences, so that no degree of penetration can arrive at any certainty, or can settle what people will do or say under given contingencies, where the romance of real life is in action. People's dislike of scenes arises from the notion that they may be implicated. They are curious to hear of, and are even not unwilling to witness, human perturbations, where this apprehension does not come in; only the more educated and thoughtful persons are, the less they can contemplate the possibility of being unconcerned spectators on such occasions.

The poor are exceedingly subject to this hunger for witnessing the passions at work, as opposed to the reluctance we have dwelt upon in persons subject to the world's training; and they have this to be said for their curiosity—that whereas education and society bend all minds to a certain external conformity, warning the cold against an unconcerned manner, and instilling the necessity of self-restraint on warmer temperaments, in the humbler classes the real working of the mind is laid bare with little effort at disguise or assumption. Where the affections are strong and the temper ardent, all the stormy tumults of tragedy and the vehemence of passion are brought within the compass of our belief; but where the nature is dull, and further deadened by stolid ignorance and daily sordid cares and indulgences—till the present is all in all, and nothing can touch the mind that does not touch the senses—there is no decorous pretence, no propriety to stand instead of feeling. They do not know that anything is expected from them either for their own credit or the common credit of humanity. They allow us to see all the nakedness of the land. An old couple lost their son in the late war, and it became the painful duty of their pastor to communicate the intelligence to them, which he did with all the cautious tenderness he could command. There was a pause, which the old man first broke as he turned to the bereaved mother, in safe reliance on her sympathy, with the words, "Now, we ought to get something by that." Every class has its selfish unnatural fathers; but such simplicity of egotism can only be betrayed where the restraint of public opinion is unknown.

Considering the irksomeness of flighty, ill-timed exhibitions of feeling, which are annoying on one side and deteriorating on the other, we might well leave the subject to individual tastes and inclinations but for one consideration. The real grievance and mischief of dread of scenes lies, of course, in its interfering with expression of sympathy where sympathy is a positive need. When men are under the first pressure of real trouble, they are not afraid of scenes—that is, as an ordinary rule, they are not. It is often the only comfort the occasion allows them. Some one to talk to, some eye that will pity, is then the first want; and even beyond this is the curious longing, which belongs to people in an unhinged state of feeling, to see in others some effect of the disorganization they are conscious of in themselves. They require some reflection of their own disorder—they want to see their friend visibly altered and changed by participation with their trouble. They even run through the circle of their acquaintance with a vague curiosity how they will take what affects themselves so deeply. And in this hour of weakness, in this unconscious yearning for something new, some relief from the burden of importunate thought, the friend who dreads a scene stays at home, and argues with himself and others that he can do no good—that is, he cannot restore the dead, or repair a broken fortune, or end suspense, or make an inconstant lover faithful, or reform a bad son. He knows he would be welcome—this we take for granted; but because he can only sit and listen, and share the sorrow, and show a pitying countenance—bring some change, some new suggestion, some fresh aspect of things—he stays at home, avoids a

scene, and adds a sense of disappointment and chill desertion to troubles which he might have helped his friend to bear, if not to escape from. After all, people generally lose more than they gain by avoiding anything painful that comes naturally in their way. No decent man can feel comfortable while in his heart he knows himself a coward. And, in other respects, those who exercise their feelings are happier than those who suppress them. They have more the sense of living; they are more at one with the great human family; they are occupied with the interests which have the strongest hold on others; and, above all they have not cut themselves off from the study—of all others the most absorbing—of human nature. A real knowledge of character can only be acquired by seeing men under every variety of circumstance; and we have an imperfect, and very often false, idea of every man whom we only know at ease and entrenched behind all the restraints of society.

THE TIMES ON FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

NO danger is greater, in times when great events are actually happening, than that large political and historical questions may be obscured by momentary passions and prejudices; and it is important, not only that they should not be thus obscured, but that they should not be prejudged by even the most rational and moderate judgments on particular passing events. This applies so forcibly to the events to which the eyes of the world are just now turned with most anxiety, that we do not scruple again to insist on some points which we laid down not very long ago. If we have to repeat the warning, it is because the sort of talk against which we think the warning necessary is itself being ceaselessly repeated.

That both England and the world at large have just now some heavy charges to bring against the Government and people of the United States is an assertion which we really need not stop to prove. That the civil war is a very unwise war, which cannot lead to any good object, is not the main point. That a war should seem useless and foolish to impartial spectators, while the belligerents enter into it heart and soul, is one of the commonest phenomena in the history of warfare. The North is just as foolish for trying to reconquer the South as we were eighty-five years ago for trying to reconquer North and South together. It is just as foolish as Englishmen were in those earlier times when they attached the idea of national glory and happiness to the conquest of France. It is just as foolish as Xerxes was when he led half the world against Athens, or as Napoleon was when he led half Europe against Russia. The mere folly is just as great, and no greater, than in any of these cases. What does distinguish the present attitude of the Northern States is that the error in judgment is accompanied by an utter loss of all dignity and restraint to which there is no parallel in any of the other cases. When we add to this the Trent outrage, the half-approval on the part of the Legislature, the ungraceful reparation on the part of the Executive, the general wild denunciations against England, and lastly the destruction, or attempted destruction, of Charleston harbour, it is clear enough that the offences of the existing Government of the United States are neither few nor small, whether as against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland or as against the world in general.

We might perhaps ask, by the way, whether it is either right or desirable to answer a fool according to his folly, and whether rabid abuse of England need be returned by equally rabid abuse of America. When we are conscious of being in the right, when we are in a position to condemn in a dignified and judicial way, it seems to answer no good purpose to return Billingsgate for Billingsgate. Nothing can be gained by articles in which a contest affecting the well-being of millions is dealt with in a heap of illustrations taken from the lowest scenes of London streets or the London theatres. It is possible that the Americans may get better if they see that the calm judgment of mankind is against them; but it is quite certain that they will only get worse for talk about "owls," and "seventh bullets," and "third ruffians," and "pasteboard thunders," and "the American nuisance," and "the British galleries." They will hardly be led to make peace by being told, a few days later, that the war may be the "real battle of Armageddon" to them, but that to the rest of the world it is an "annoyance," a "small nuisance," and "the battle of the frogs and mice." Somehow, we cannot help thinking that, whatever it may be considered in Printing-House Square, it is felt to be something more than a "small nuisance" in Lancashire. The battle of Armageddon we must leave to the *Times* and Dr. Cumming to settle between themselves. But, really, to take the mere ground of self-respect, this is not the way in which such a subject should be handled. Our position is so thoroughly superior to that of the Americans, that it is a needless self-degradation to drag ourselves down to the level of the lowest portions of the New York press. But let this pass; we wish rather to deal with what we hold to be certain false inferences in history and politics which seem to be commonly made from the events that are at this moment happening in America.

In a former article, we argued that the great question of Federal Government—one of the greatest problems in all political science—was really in no way affected by the misconduct of one particular Federation at one particular time. We especially suggested that the prevalent use of the word "Federal," to

express the Northern States, tended to lead the popular mind to a wrong conclusion on important questions both of past history and of present politics. We argued that present events only prove that Federal Governments are capable of good and evil, like all other Governments; and we suggested that, if the Federal Government of North America is winning the contempt of the world, the Federal Government of Switzerland is equally winning its admiration. We called attention to the fact that the Southern States, in seceding from the Federal Government of the North, have established a Federal Constitution of their own, which is simply the old Constitution with some amendments in detail. We did not write as enthusiastic admirers of Federal Government, but simply as claiming for that form of Government its fair place among other forms, as, like monarchies and republics of other kinds, suited for some kinds of circumstances and unsuited for others. We asked that the history and Constitution of the United States themselves should not be seen solely by the light of our present feelings towards them, and that we should take some little trouble to assign to their right causes the evils which manifestly exist. We venture on this recapitulation of what we have said very lately, because, in such a hubbub of sophisms and false inferences, repeated over and over again, a calm argument, stated once and never repeated, runs great risk of being wholly forgotten.

The *Times* has just been making so deliberate a raid upon history, in the person of one of its most distinguished Professors, that the utter ignorance of history, old and new, which it displays, is no more than a piece of consistency. The *Times* professes, indeed, an abstract reverence for the office of Historical Professor, which would equally extend to the author of *Hypatia* and to the laborious expounder of the "Antiquities and History of the Early Chaldeans." Such a vague respect is hardly counterbalanced by a professed contempt for "thinkers," and by the application of such words as "stuff" and "perversity" to Mr. Goldwin Smith's writings. This contempt alike for facts and for argument is quite in character with the way in which the *Times* deals with the Constitution of the United States. Not long ago the *Times* contained an article which began about Mr. Seward's letter to Mr. Smith O'Brien, and then went on to discuss the American Union and the American Constitution in general. With the practical inference of the *Times* we are not disposed to differ. It is much better that the North and South should separate. The case, on the ground of practical expediency, made out by Mr. Spence on behalf of the South, seems to us to be unanswerable. He gave us facts from his own knowledge, and inferences soundly argued from those facts. We are not concerned to ask whether an author so strong on his own ground should have gone on to maintain the constitutional right of secession. It is certainly a great pity that he should have prefixed a sketch of the history of Federations in general, which showed that he knew nothing but the names of the Amphictyonic Council and the Achaian League, while of Aetolia, Lycia, and even Switzerland, the very names seemed not to have reached him. But the practical conclusion of Mr. Spence, which is clearly borrowed from him by the *Times*, we fully admit. Secession was not constitutional—perhaps it was not strictly justifiable—but it certainly was highly expedient. But the inferences drawn from this by the *Times* as to the institutions and history of America are such as we are sure that the *Times* never learned from so well-informed a person as Mr. Spence. Some months ago the *Times* insisted on the great horrors of this same war, which now has sunk to a "small nuisance," because both sides were fellow-countrymen, not only speaking the same language, but being, as the *Times* chose then to put it, "governed by the same laws." The *Times* then saw nothing in the United States but the Federal Union, and seemed to have no notion whatever that the States were independent commonwealths. By one of those eccentric movements with which our readers are by this time familiar, the *Times* has now veered round to the extreme notions of State rights. It now enlarges on the diversities of laws and character between the several States in exaggerated language, and the Union, which before was everything, has now sunk into nothing. Separation now amounts "merely" to this—"that the sections of the Union will not commit to the same authority the management of their Post-office, their Mint, and their national defences." Surely national defences are rather an important subject to be introduced with a "merely." Whether the Mint and the Post-office shall be dealt with by a national or by a local Government, are matters of detail not affecting national unity; but to whom the national defences are committed is a much more serious business. The power intrusted with the national defences is the power intrusted with war and peace. North and South might have separate Mints and separate Post-offices without any breach of national unity; but put their national defences in different hands, and they become, as they now are, two nations. The *Times* thinks secession makes no difference, because each State could legislate about slavery before, and will continue to do so now. It forgets that, though each State could legislate about slavery, yet all the States formed only one nation as regards other nations—that no State had power of peace and war, either as against other States or against foreign Powers. The Ohio used to divide free soil and slave soil; but free soil and slave soil were equally parts of one great Federal commonwealth—the slaveholder and the Abolitionist still remained fellow-

citizens. For the future, the Ohio, or whatever is to be the boundary, will separate two absolutely foreign nations, whose citizens will have no other rights in each other's territory than a Frenchman has in England or an Englishman in France. These strike us as matters of quite a different class from questions about the Mint and the Post-office; and besides these two, there is another power of the Federal Government which the *Times* has wholly forgotten. Quite as important as the Mint and the Post-office is, we should have thought, the right of the Federal Power to levy Customs throughout the Union. As the *Times* supposes the Federal Government had only to do with the Mint, the Post-office, and the national defences, we are driven to suppose that the *Times* never heard of the Morrill Tariff, and that, when it, a little before, used the words "the nullification by South Carolina," it simply copied them from Mr. Spence without understanding their meaning.

The same article contained, some way further on, the following wonderful passage:—

Why should Virginia go to war with New York, or South Carolina with Massachusetts, simply because they do not send delegates to quarrel in the same dreary capital? Under a Constitution which had become an anachronism, and which could never be modified, the situation of the Federal States had become intolerable. A mischievous Union has bred the war now raging. The best hope of permanent peace is a final separation.

The dreariness of the capital really does not prove much, and to say that the Constitution "has become an anachronism" is one of those high Napoleonic utterances which are quite beyond plain men like ourselves. The talk of a war because of a refusal to send delegates to quarrel is, of course, merely a bit of the usual claptrap. The "intolerable situation of the Federal States" reminds one, like the "anachronism," of the "intolerable state of things" which was put an end to by the annexation of Savoy and Nice. And the *Times* too seems here to have forgotten its own nomenclature; for, to make any sense at all out of the sentence, we must, by "Federal States," understand "Confederate." But what we wish chiefly to dwell upon is the wonderful notion of the *Times*, that "the Constitution could never be modified." We recommended to the *Times*, when it believed that all the Union was governed by the same laws, to go through the simple process of reading the Constitution. As our advice on that head has clearly not been taken, we repeat it, with the object of convincing the *Times* that the Constitution can be modified, inasmuch as the Constitution itself carefully provides two ways for its own modification. The *Times* will find them in the fifth article of the Constitution, which, indeed, is entirely devoted to the subject.

We are ready to admit, with the *Times*, that it is not clear that the connexion of North and South has had any beneficial effect for fifteen years past. Yet the words "mischievous Union" are hardly decent to apply to a Constitution which was the work of wise and patriotic men, which has secured to a vast region exemption from internal war for three generations, and whose partial failure is due to causes which the authors of the Constitution could not possibly foresee. Washington and Hamilton never dreamed of a Union stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a Union of which Maine and California, Florida and Oregon should be component members. When twelve out of thirteen States permitted slavery, and when slavery was thought to be a temporary evil, they did not foresee that the Union would one day be torn in pieces on the subject of slavery. When the distinction between cotton States, breadstuff States, and manufacturing States had not arisen, they did not dream of Morrill tariffs or of South Carolina nullifications. When property qualifications were the common rule of the States, they could not look forward to a Government in the hands of the mere mob. Perhaps least of all did Hamilton dream of the existence in his own State of an "Empire City," with its popular voice at the command of the scum of every European nation. They did not foresee these things—that is, they were not inspired prophets. That is all. The actual Federal Constitution has partially failed, but it is for its opponents to show that there was a fair chance of any other system working better. When the Constitution was framed, the other alternatives would have been either thirteen perfectly independent States, or else one completely consolidated State. On the first plan there would have been a constant scene of warfare, with an occasional annexation of a weaker State by a stronger. On the latter alternative would have followed the passing of one general law establishing or forbidding slavery throughout the whole country—a law which could not have failed to produce an outbreak, a secession, a civil war, earlier and yet more terrible than the present one. From these evils the "mischievous Union" saved North and South alike. The founders of the Union guarded against the evils which were threatening in their own day. That they had not a clear prophetic view of the future is hardly a reason for insulting their memories or depreciating their work.

The whole subject of Federalism, Greek, mediæval, and modern—Achaian, Swiss, Dutch, and American—is a great subject, and one which needs its special historian. Whenever he appears, he must be one who approaches his subject in a different spirit, and with somewhat better preparation, than the oracle on American matters in the *Times*.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

IF legal restraint ought always to follow on a proved incapacity to manage one's own affairs, the House of Commons should lose no time in preparing itself for a commission *de lunatico*. On Thursday night it assembled with the best intentions in the world. The circumstances were peculiar and unexampled. A great grief had fallen upon the Queen, and her subjects sympathized, with a universal and rare sincerity, in her sorrow. It was felt that the occasion when Parliament met for the first time to couch this sympathy in words was not a fitting opportunity for the conduct of any great party fight, or for the reopening of any of the petty squabbles which are dignified with the name of business. It was recognised that a succession of funeral orations was the only becoming species of debate at such a time. It was tacitly agreed on all sides to express the genuine feelings of the House in all the decorous Parliamentary formulas of grief. The moderation, and mutual courtesy, and abstinence from exciting topics which are symptomatic of a depressed condition of mind, were duly assumed by those to whom an active share in the pageant was assigned. As far as the leaders of the House, and indeed the generality of members, were concerned, the part was admirably played. The House was stripped of its secular appearance, dismantled of its warlike apparatus, and reduced as far as possible to the severe solemnity befitting the occasion. Inconsolable woe seemed to depress the Ministry—decent grief was stamped on the faces of the Opposition. Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, conscious that their presence would be incompatible with feelings of a peaceful and solemn cast, withdrew themselves to an obscure retreat below the bar. The Speaker read the customary forms in a subdued voice, which might be ascribed, according to the charity of the spectator, either to sleepiness or to emotion; and Mr. White, for this occasion only, abstained from cheering. The House admired and imitated this remarkable display of self-restraint. A slight burst of applause could not be restrained when Lord Palmerston entered; but it was repressed with ease, especially as Mr. Gladstone made his appearance a few moments later. The Royal Speech was read through in solemn silence. Even the mention of the affair of the *Trent* failed to elicit any expression of approval. Only when the promise to bring in a measure to simplify the transfer of land was read, a confused idea that the proposal was an attack upon the country gentlemen overcame the virtue of the Radicals. The supposed discomfiture of their old antagonists betrayed them for a moment into an involuntary cheer. But otherwise the decencies of the occasion were admirably maintained. Mr. Wood, indeed, the seconder of the Address, appears to have been judiciously selected with a view to the peculiar nature of the ceremonial. The House is happy in the acquisition, for such occasions, of so funeral an orator. If the Hibernicism may be pardoned, he spoke exactly like a mute. He is gifted with that peculiar kind of copious but inanimate fluency which is so fatal to a speaker in the House of Commons. The inflection of his voice, though faultlessly regular, was not unlike that of the seedy but enthusiastic apostles who may be heard under the trees of St. James's Park on a Sunday afternoon. A preaching tone of voice exercises a remarkable spell upon the House of Commons. They immediately imagine they are in church, and begin to go to sleep. This timely application of a narcotic was of great service upon the Radical benches, where the members were beginning to chafe under the uncongenial restraints of decorum, and their native combativeness was becoming irrepressible. Fortunately, Mr. Wood lasted for a good half hour; and when it was over, all petulant and wanton tempers were effectually tamed. Mr. Disraeli followed, and was very influential in maintaining the spirit of the scene. The curious mosaic of broken metaphors and poetic adjectives in which he indulges on these great occasions, though it is apt to excite critics to irreverent remarks, has a wonderful effect on the back benches of the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston was also comparatively successful. He certainly was more at his ease in pointing out and explaining the precedents upon which the Government had framed the form of condolence, than in actually condoling; but he prospered better than he did on a recent occasion, when he began his consolatory remarks with the observation that it was quite in the course of nature that mothers should die before daughters.

But this impressive commencement was destined to a lame and impotent conclusion. All these good intentions did but serve as pavement for an Irish row of the most unedifying type. Up to this point the House of Commons had behaved worthily of itself and the occasion, and everybody hoped that the curtain would fall upon it while it was still in this serious and becoming mood. When Lord Palmerston sat down, the general impression was that the ceremonial was at an end. Members were just congratulating each other that the *corps* of bores had been cowed into silence, and that the difficult task of couching Parliamentary grief in the proper and decorous formula had been performed without a single breach of good manners and with far more than the usual average of good taste, when a familiar but unwelcome sight stopped them short in their congratulations. Mr. Hadfield rose. The effect was electric upon the House. No one attempted to cry him down, for his obduracy has been tried in a hundred debates, and is proof against even the most persevering vociferation. Nor did any one attempt

to listen to him; for except to those who sit very near him, the feat is a physical impossibility. A shrill sound, like the dissonant wail of an oilless door, is all that meets the ear. So the members betook themselves to the only remedy that was left them. But if he had been a general in French uniform announcing that a French army was encamped at Blackheath, or another Cromwell taking away the new bauble, or even an errand-boy shouting "fire," he could not have produced a more general rush towards the door. This untoward interruption entirely broke the charm. The dignity of the evening was at an end. Mr. Hadfield did not occupy the House for long. He had only risen to express one sanguinary desire; and in the very act of expressing it, his heart relented or his courage gave way. Following the modern instincts of the Radical party, he rose to call for penal laws against the newspapers and their editors. "I wish that there was a law to hang"—he began, and then stopped short. The startled looks of his audience reminded him that the disclosure of such aspirations was a little premature; so he contented himself with a milder penalty—"at least, a law to burn by the hands of the common hangman the detestable articles," &c. &c.—and in that form the reporters kindly recorded his desires. But even this outpouring of his benevolent heart, brief though it was, was quite sufficient to break through the decorous reserve which had hitherto confined the debate to the recitation of the proper number of official declamations. The charm was broken, and the profane vulgar rushed in. The Irish members thought it was an admirable opportunity for paying off their autumn scores on Sir Robert Peel; and Sir Robert Peel thought that a fitter occasion could not possibly present itself for giving a piece of his mind to the Irish members. Accordingly, by a transition which was as grotesque as it was unseemly, the House found itself passing suddenly from polished and laboured periods of high-flown eulogy upon the illustrious dead to a tart squabble upon the question whether the Irish Secretary had taken three days or more than three days in travelling three hundred miles, and whether that expeditious voyage of discovery had or had not been performed upon a low-backed car. Sir Robert Peel enlivened the affray by giving some specimens to the House of the services which he intends rendering to the Government during the session. It is particularly important to the Government not to offend the Irish priesthood needlessly, and, in the present state of our relations with America, it is especially desirable that their public expressions in reference to Mr. Lincoln's Government should be studiously courteous. Sir Robert Peel had the address, in the course of a speech of ten minutes, to taunt the Federal Government with their unsuccessful campaign, and to insinuate that the Irish priesthood made it their business to stir up the peasantry against their landlords. The soberer members of the Government winced obviously under the ordeal to which their nervous systems were being exposed; and they did their best to bring the debate to a conclusion. Mr. Vincent Scully, who followed the Irish Secretary, was not the man to be silenced by a thin House or a reluctant audience. But his oration made the close of the debate a matter of still more urgent importance, for under the spell of his eloquence the most courageous audience will dwindle away; and at one time there was imminent risk that the Address of condolence would evaporate in a count-out. Fortunately there are not many men in the House keen for the distinction of answering him; and the Speaker was able to take advantage of a momentary pause to avert the scandal and close a disreputable scene.

REVERSES OF TAILORDOM.

IT must be owned that the sense of justice is sometimes, although by no means invariably, gratified by a perusal of the law reports. Looking back to no very distant time, when the glory of special pleading was yet unimpaired, one cannot feel too thankful that a day has come in which it is found possible to get a case decided by the application of the jury's common sense to the facts proved before them. Probably no verdict ever commanded more general approbation than that which was given a few days ago in an action brought by a firm of West-end tailors against Sir Edwin Landseer. If we venture to call this action a dispute between rival artists, it is only for the sake of showing how absurd is the assumption sometimes made of this title "artist" by members of the plaintiffs' craft. The amount of the plaintiffs' bill had been originally about 28*l*. The defendant admitted his liability to pay 17*l*. for clothes with which he was quite satisfied; but he refused payment of the remaining 11*l*. charged against him for two coats, which, it was asserted, did not fit him when they were first made, and which fitted him less and less at each successive alteration which the plaintiffs made in them. In this state of circumstances, the defendant paid the 17*l*. into Court, and denied his liability to pay the balance. We describe thus minutely the effect of the pleadings in the action because the machinery for bringing a simple question of this kind before a court of law has been slowly and with difficulty perfected, and it becomes the present generation to be thankful for a blessing which its forefathers did not enjoy. Even now, the notion that the pleadings in an action are intended to develop the question in dispute must strike a listener in our courts as strangely contrary to what he hears there. It might perhaps be inferred from the example now before us, that, if the law is simpler, it is not less dilatory than it used to be, for it appears that the coats

of which the fit was questioned had been made in July, 1858, whereas the question of their fitting was only brought to trial in January, 1862. There was no explanation offered of this delay, but evidently the plaintiffs could have nobody but themselves to blame for it. So far from legal proceedings being now generally chargeable with dilatoriness, we almost question whether the pace at which plaintiffs are permitted to pursue their remedies does not begin to call for some mitigation. The sympathy of law-reformers has been so long exercised on behalf of plaintiffs, that it deserves consideration whether defendants have not also some interests which may claim regard. Those simple and speedy County Courts, which are contemplated by the ardent law-reformer as the most beautiful work of modern times, cannot be described better than by saying that they supply means of promptly settling doubtful questions in favour of the party who employs them. They are emphatically plaintiffs' courts, and many thousands of such demands as that made upon Sir Edwin Landseer are enforced by their aid against defendants who prefer to submit to a small injustice rather than be put to the trouble and possible expense of resisting it in a County Court. Probably there is in every town in England at least one practitioner of the law who is perfectly ready to lend his aid in testing the extent to which dislike of trouble or of publicity will carry those whom he makes defendants in the concession of unfounded claims. Of course, it is an essential part of his business to make the appearance of the person sued, or of his wife or servant, in the witness-box, as disagreeable as it possibly can be made. All the coarse expedients by which the Old Bailey advocate badgers and confuses a nervous witness are imitated by the provincial performer with his utmost skill. If, by impertinent questions, he can ruffle the temper of a witness whom he cannot frighten, his object is almost equally well attained. There is, of course, in every considerable town, not only a law attorney but also a halfpenny or penny newspaper to report his speeches and his examinations of witnesses in the County Court in full. Few heads of families would like to see the details of their household management, although these may be quite innocent, exposed in print. It may, perhaps, be necessary to chronicle small beer, but it is not the less disagreeable to be compelled to see the record published. It results from these considerations, that many people will concede a servant's or tradesman's claim rather than appear in a County Court to answer it; and many servants and tradesmen can accordingly find lawyers to assist them in making profit out of the timidity, or laziness, or engrossing occupations which operate to induce employers and consumers to pay 5*l.* or 10*l.* which they do not owe. This action brought against Sir Edwin Landseer is a type of innumerable others; and, perhaps, the name of the defendant may attract to it the attention of our legislators, so that they may be prepared to deal as they deserve with one or two bills which will probably come before them for the further and more effectual repression of the audacity of defendants in presuming to plead to actions brought against them.

We can only suppose such an action to have originated in that unbroken exercise of supremacy which is apt to render absolute sovereigns tyrannical. The plaintiffs very likely, in the whole course of their experience in business, had never heard an instance of such audacity as that of this customer who presumed to exercise his own judgment upon the question whether the coat which they had made fitted him. We can well conceive that such unwonted contradiction might provoke them into a strong assertion of an authority which was now for the first time questioned. Really things are coming to a pretty pass. The competition of low-priced East-end tailors, and this new assumption of customers to pronounce whether their clothes fit, are signs that the ancient reign of tailordom is drawing near its close. The next thing we shall hear of will be that soldiers, as well as civilians, are beginning to expect to have garments made in which they can place their bodies in what Messrs. Haldane call "unreasonable positions," without discomfort or the destruction of their clothes. Or perhaps some undergraduate or subaltern will presume to add up the figures of his bill. Mankind have hitherto pretended to despise, while really they have feared, tailors. But it seems that now the class is to be deprived of all its power without any compensating enhancement of its social dignity. Tailors will feel henceforward as Jews in the Middle Ages would have felt if they had been subjected to abuse and violence without the sweet solace of occasionally incarcerating a poor debtor. It was no wonder, then, that Messrs. Haldane determined to fight tooth and nail for the maintenance of their threatened privileges; and even if Sir Edwin Landseer, in one of their coats, looked as foolish as the translated Bottom in his own picture, he should nevertheless be compelled to keep and pay for it. If customers were quietly permitted to suppose that their feeling "uncomfortable and faint" when wearing clothes made by a first-rate house furnished any reason for their resisting payment of the price of them, there would be an end to all the prerogatives of West-end tailordom without more ado. Times are indeed changed since the whole of English society submitted without a murmur to feel uncomfortable and faint whenever it dressed itself with peculiar care. Gentlemen were accustomed to be shaken by their servants into leather breeches, and the sensation which Sir Edwin Landseer dislikes of a collar reaching above his ears had become habitual. Even to this day it is a matter of course that the Foot Guards should feel

uncomfortable and faint whenever they form part of a State pageant under a summer sun. But after the bold example which Sir Edwin Landseer has set, it may be expected that the wearers of black coats will insist on having freedom to sit down and to move their arms when they go out to dinner. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the partial liberty which we now enjoy has been very slowly and hardly conquered. There is, perhaps, no more harmless pleasure than that of putting the hands into the breeches-pockets; and yet for several years all tailors who assumed to rank as fashionable absolutely denied their customers this pleasure, and would not allow them to have breeches-pockets into which to put either their hands or any thing else which they were forced to carry about with them. Thanks to Sir Edwin Landseer, this tyranny is now near its downfall. Let us hope that he, our liberator, wearing coats which are easy in all postures, will enjoy many years of useful and honoured life; and whenever his earthly course is run, he may be sure that the gratitude of Englishmen will accord to his statue a distinguished place among the founders and defenders of his country's freedom. It is hardly necessary to mention that this statue must be attired in a loose robe, and there shall be inscribed on its base, that it was raised to the memory of one who, to civil and religious liberty, added the kindred blessing of an easy-fitting coat.

THE FRENCH POLICE SYSTEM.

ANOTHER sensation trial has come opportunely to stimulate the public appetite for the horrible and monstrous, already jaded by the terrors of the Hartley Colliery accident, and satiated with the unsavoury details of the life and character of Mr. and Mrs. Windham. This is an *article de Paris*, and may be taken as one of the results of the French treaty. A reciprocity in *causes célèbres* is established between the countries. In the "extraordinary trial for murder" which has been imported from Lyons, we take all the details for granted, and we should not have ventured on a hint of suspicion had not the whole thing been presented with that remarkable dramatic completeness, neatness, and finish of execution, which always characterize the French artist. Whether it is to the narrator or the murderer that we are indebted for the artistic tragedy, or for the artistic way in which it has been offered to the public, it is not for us to say. We rather suspect the presence of a hand practised in many an *acte d'accusation*; or if the narrative is only a prosaic recital of the mere facts, we must say that De Quincey's speculation has been more than realized. Murder in France is elevated to nearly one of the fine arts. Burke and Hare at Edinburgh, and their English imitators, Mr. Williams and his partner in Italian boys at Bethnal-green, betrayed their unsuspecting victims to a common-place den of blood in a back street. On the whole, their crime was perhaps more detestable than the French example; but for scenic effect and picturesque detail, and for a completeness in the accessories, we confess our national inferiority. We may conclude, then, taking the narrative as it is given, that it is as true in fact as in the foul romances of M. Eugene Sue, that the typical villain in France is always dressed in a *blouse*, "with a hump on his back, and a scar and a swelling on his upper lip." From our limited experience, derived mostly from one or two visits to Madame Tussaud's charming cabinet of homicides, we should say that the British murderer is not always the hideous ruffian that he ought to be. Mr. Rush, if we recollect rightly, was rather a good-looking fellow; the late Mrs. Manning possessed charms which were sufficiently attractive to be venal; and taking the run of our native bloody villains, we should say they leave a general impression rather of stolidity than of grotesque and exceptional ugliness. It is not so in France. They manage things better there—the physical and moral man express each other. Fieschi was hideous enough to frighten a child into fits. Crookedness in person in France seems, and very properly, to accompany crookedness in morals; and the humpback of this last murderer, M. Martin Dumollard, is a pictorial and ethical circumstance, in which we own to a painful inferiority. And, we must say that the scenery of a systematic murderer is also better managed. A squalid hut in the slums of London and Edinburgh is not to be compared to a French forest; and the dialogue between the murderer and his intended victim we should have attributed to reminiscences of Richardson's melodramas, or the dramatic stories of the Surrey Theatre, did we not remember that these theatrical effusions are parts of real French life. The night, the forest, the solitude, the midnight walk of murderer and victim, the gradual suspicions, the terrified appeal, "I see that you have deceived me"—followed by the significant, "We have arrived at our destination," uttered in a hollow voice, with outstretched arms, threatening gesture, and the cord of death—all this is almost too fine to be true. "Unhand me, villain! caitiff, avaunt," was, we feel assured, the heroic widow's reply as Marie Pichou sped like Camilla or the Irish heroine of two or three months ago, from the murderer and the ravisher through the darkness of the night to the friendly light which glimmered across the desolate heath in the midst of the clouds and darkness of a wild winter night. We know as well as if it were on the stage, that the fugitive, fainting and dishevelled, will only just have strength enough to reach the

door of the heavy father of the village—his name is M. Joly—who will invoke the saints and the police in the name of outraged virtue and the honour of France.

Thus far all has been in favour of our brilliant neighbours. Murder and robbery are much better got up by them than among us; but here their superiority ends. A terrible tale, to be sure, remains behind; but it has its drawbacks, not so much in artistic propriety as in administrative capacity. It occurs to the village authorities, or to the *maire*—somewhat late in the day, one would think—that this was not the first case of the kind which had occurred in the neighbourhood; and that excellent officer, the *juge de paix*, by putting two and two—or rather two and two dozen—facts together, at last came to the conclusion that this assault and robbery on Marie Pichou was only the last of a series of similar assaults and robberies, ending generally in rape and murder, by which in fifteen cases servant girls had suffered at the hands of this monster Dumollard and his wife. This series of atrocities had lasted between seven and eight years. Undoubtedly the *acte d'accusation* which established these horrid facts is a very model of a criminal investigation of a certain sort. Seventy witnesses substantiated the facts; and though we find that when Dumollard was first charged with this last and crowning crime, it was met by "an obstinate denial opposed to the most conclusive evidence"—a denial which, however, we are told, in language of most official perspicacity, "is less to be wondered at when it is considered that the mind of the accused was occupied as much with this isolated crime as with the frightful acts which he had previously committed"—still the *acte d'accusation* brought all his wickedness to light in a way with which few English indictments can compare. Indeed here is our inferiority. All that we pretend to do is to prove, or try to prove, a single fact against a prisoner, and hang him or let him go. Not so in France, where nothing short of a villain's whole biography will content the judicial mind. The proof as to the particular crime may be weak, but it is backed by a regular and complete history of something else. And it is astonishing, when they are on the right track, with what pertinacity the police will get up the whole of one's life. In this case, and in all such cases, we wonder both at the perfection and imperfection of the system. One would have thought that the same detective force which has at last brought to light Dumollard's seven or eight years of crime, and which now, in 1862, tells us what he was doing in February 1855, and, with the utmost minuteness, traces his career and his victims, the time and place of each of these robberies and murders, might have done something in the way of prevention. If justice has overtaken the criminal she has halted in the pursuit.

This is characteristic of the French police system, and it almost looks as if there were something in what Mr. Sala and the novelists tell us—that the first-rate detectives all along know everything; but that in crime, as in horticulture, they prefer that the pear should be thoroughly ripe, and should have acquired a complete perfection of mellowness, before it is fit for the hand of justice. Is it the fact that French justice prefers a full-grown criminal; and that Dumollard in his crude and unripe state of crime, when he had only committed a poor half-dozen murders, was not worthy of that thoroughly artistic and complete *acte d'accusation* which at last his full-blown career has been thought worthy of? Or is it that in this, as in many other things, the French police system takes credit for an excellence and completeness which it does not possess? The police agents, at least if we are to judge from the *procès* Dumollard, are admirable when, like greyhounds, they have their game in view; but it seems that they are really very deficient in scent and true hunting powers. How is it, we ask, that in an intelligent neighbourhood, at the first stage from a place like Lyons, the second city of France, such a series of atrocities as those proved against Dumollard can have been committed in the face of that admirable system of police? Many of his victims escaped with the loss of their property. Nine are mentioned. Yet for eight years either justice was entirely at fault, or did not take the trouble to investigate such a trifle as a constant series of crimes, all of the same character, and all committed in the same neighbourhood. There is another explanation, which is, that the police power of detection is otherwise engaged. The machine may be most perfect, but we cannot expect it to do everything. If all the intelligence of all the detectives is engaged in looking after political secrets, and in hunting up everybody's sayings, and doings, and thoughts about politics, of course there is no time left for such trifles as assault, robbery, and murder. France cannot expect, at least cannot get, everything from even its perfect police. That police is perfect, both as a detective and protective system in all political matters. No spy like a French spy to hunt out a political malefactor; but in proportion to this excellence is its corresponding defect. It seems to be the dulllest and the least sensitive in matters of crime. The French police are so engaged in preserving the Empire and the State that the subject cannot be guaranteed from robbery and murder; and, although the words which have been uttered by a political suspect half an hour ago in a Bordeaux café, are probably by this time telegraphed to the Tuileries, M. Dumollard and wife may go on robbing and murdering for eight years with impunity. After all, we may congratulate ourselves on a less perfect system of police, under which a long series of unpunished crimes like this is impossible.

FLOGGING AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IT is recorded, though on somewhat questionable authority, that when the plebeian debtors in ancient Rome wished to excite a feeling against their patrician oppressors, they exhibited in the forum, not only the honourable scars they had received in battle, but the less honourable traces of the patrician scourge. A Mr. George Jackson, who, in the persons of two hopeful sons, has suffered a similar indignity, and has similar scars to show, is following the plebeian precedent. The New Police Act, indeed, more prudish than the laws of Numa, precludes him from exhibiting, in the Royal Exchange or at Charing Cross, the cuticle of his offspring furrowed by the cruel twig. He is restricted by the less dramatic habits of modern days, and the exigencies of modern clothing, and can only display their bleeding forms in print. In other words, he has published and circulated a pamphlet, detailing, in the form of a somewhat lengthy correspondence, how his two boys, aged eighteen and nineteen, went from Uppingham School to see their grandmamma, for the Easter holidays—how the charms of her society tempted them rashly to delay their return till the last allowable train—how an imperfect initiation into the mysteries of Bradshaw caused them to miss that train—and how, in spite of paternal protests and grandmaternal tears, the fatal miscalculation was expiated on the block. Mr. Jackson, feeling his own nerves tingle vicariously at the castigation, first inflicts a voluminous correspondence upon the Draconic schoolmaster—and then, having withdrawn his boys from the school, inflicts the same sad and verbose epistles upon the Bishop of London—and finally, in the form of a pamphlet, upon each of the governors of the school, without apparently obtaining the satisfaction he desires. What that satisfaction is it is not very easy to guess. The doom has been executed and cannot be recalled. Those youthful martyrs to grandmaternal fascinations cannot have restored to them the abraded cuticle they have lost. That bloodstained morning can never be washed out from their memory. And it may be doubted whether this is a sort of martyrdom of which increased publicity will mitigate the suffering. At least these high-spirited young men must be much less thin-skinned morally than they appear to have been physically, if they enjoy the privilege which parental fondness has secured for them of making their first public entry into English society in the character of grandmamma's flogged pets. To have been flogged at all, at the age of nineteen, in the fashion and with the ceremonial in use at public schools, is a distinction which most young gentlemen would desire to bury in obscurity. But to have been flogged for an inability to tear oneself from the side of one's grandmamma—to have that grandmamma writing to the schoolmaster such a letter as grandmammams do write, to denounce the cruelty of the proceeding—and then to have an affectionate father insisting upon publishing that letter, is an accumulation of comical ignominy compared to which, in the opinions of most young men, the punctures of the buds of birch would smart but little. Grandmothers, no doubt, are very pleasant, and birch rods very pungent; but it is not prudent to obtrude one's experiences of either sensation too importunately upon the public ear. "Pleasant, but wrong," is recorded by the proverb to have been the remark of the chimney-sweep when he kissed his grandmother; but he did not embody the ejaculation in a pamphlet. Whatever the feelings of the half-healed sufferers may have been when next they took an uneasy seat by the side of their too seductive ancestress, they had better have prevailed upon their literary parent to keep their sorrows and their consolations to himself. Certain it is, they must make the most of her now, for if they go either into the army or to a University, they will in a few months detest her very name.

It certainly seems hard, however, that boys should be flogged for an inability to decipher the hieroglyphics of Bradshaw. Who, indeed, would escape whipping if the rule were more generally applied? But the real scandal of the case is the application of this punishment to young men of the age of undergraduates in a University, or lieutenants in a crack regiment. The employment of flogging upon young men of that age is peculiar to Uppingham School, and probably peculiar to the enlightened sway of Mr. Thring, the head-master. The punishment of flogging maintains itself with difficulty at the present day, and has very little to support it against the growing refinement of the age, but the *vis inertia* of school tradition. In other systems it is rapidly giving way. It is sparingly applied in the army and navy, and in the administration of the criminal law it is gradually falling into disuse. Doubts may reasonably be entertained whether this reaction is not going too far. Coarse and brutal natures can often be tamed by no gentler measures; and the paramount necessities of military movements require, above all things, an expeditious mode of punishment. But the case is far more difficult to argue when it is proposed to apply a thoroughly ignominious punishment to youths whose gentle nurture has made them keenly sensitive to shame. It may chance to light upon a boy on whom its degrading accompaniments make no impression; and in that case it does no harm, and may do a little good. But if it is inflicted, as it often will be, on a sensitive boy, it will infallibly make him reckless. He will not care what disgrace he incurs when he has been made to pass through such a disgrace as that. As, with the spread of refinement, this last class of boys increases, the public aversion to the use of the birch-rod in schools will grow stronger and stronger. The prac-

tice has long been extinct in foreign schools; and as the familiarity of Englishmen with the habits of thought prevalent upon the Continent increases, and they realize the contempt with which foreigners regard it as a relic of barbarism, the cry for its suppression in English education will become louder. It may well be doubted whether it is wise to break altogether with the traditions of the great public schools; but it is abundantly evident that the punishment can only be retained if it be restricted, as Dr. Arnold used to restrict it, to cases where the disgracefulness of the offence made all consideration of the disgracefulness of the punishment unimportant. If it is to be applied as an ordinary instrument of discipline—still more, if it is to be inflicted on those who are not boys, but men—it will not only be speedily abolished, but it will bring down with it a considerable portion of the popularity of our public schools.

Fortunately, these things only happen in that class of hybrid public schools which have a very considerable element of the private school in their composition. It is only where the headmaster is autocratic, and, like all petty autocrats, thinks it part of his state and dignity to be a martinet, that these extravagances of punishment take place. In the older public schools, the master is checked by administrative traditions which he always shrinks from breaking, and often by the actual supervision of the members of the foundation with which the school is connected. Where there is no such check, he is very apt to be a tyrant from mere vanity. It requires rather a strong head to withstand the corrupting atmosphere that surrounds a pedagogue. The boys are so completely in his hands, and they find it so much to their interest to be subservient, that he is strongly tempted to take a delight in the exercise of his petty authority, and to inflict absurd punishments just to show his power. Mr. Thring, the headmaster of Uppingham, whose letters form a considerable portion of Mr. Jackson's pamphlet, is evidently impressed with a very full sense of the importance of his position. Every attempt on the part of the relatives of the two luckless youths to remonstrate is treated as *lèse-majesté*, and snubbed accordingly. The poor grandmother is reproved with ultra-parsonic grandeur for "upholding the young for a moment in disobedience to authority." Mr. Thring wonders very much at their "presuming to say a word in the face of such open violation of rules"—their crime having been that they came back to school two or three hours too late in consequence of having lost their way in the network of railways between Worcestershire and Rutland. The father is told that he is "encouraging the impatient rejection of lawful authority," and that his evil teaching "will bear fruit another day;" and is further lectured for "teaching his boys to criticise authority, and speak evil of governments." In fact, Mr. Thring's defence of his birch-rod is a kind of concentrated essence of the Six Homilies against wilful rebellion. Mr. Jackson is not absolutely accused of denying the immortality of the soul; but otherwise the style closely resembles that of his Holiness the Pope in his paternal admonitions to the Government of Turin. The animating spirit of it is a feeling of horrified amazement at the presumption of a parent in trenching on the divinity that doth hedge around a schoolmaster.

It is not surprising, however, that Mr. Thring should be puzzled at Mr. Jackson's indignation; for it appears that, in the ordinary practice of the school at Uppingham, the flogging of youths of nineteen is "a light punishment for routine affairs." It is not likely that any public censure will have much effect on a gentleman whose notions of propriety and good feeling are framed upon this standard. For the delinquencies of pedagogues of this stamp there is but one effective remedy. The good old "*Faustrecht*" is the only code to which he is likely to pay obedience. When he finds the practical inconvenience of flogging a youth of that age, he will leave off that indulgence of his taste for government. Indeed, the mystery of the whole transaction is, that any educated English youth of nineteen should have been found spiritless enough to submit himself to this extreme of priggish insolence. We once asked a French schoolmaster of experience whether corporal punishment was employed in his school. His answer was, that no master's life would be safe who should offer such an indignity to his boys. It is strange that the spirit of English young men should be so far tamer than that of French boys. We are very sure, however, that a master who should offer to flog a grown-up youth, and should get a good sound drubbing for his pains, would meet with very little sympathy from the English public, but would be rather congratulated on the acquisition of a salutary moral lesson.

RAISING THE WIND.

WHEN an Infirmary is in embarrassed circumstances, or a Penitentiary is shaky, or a Ragged School is on its last legs, it is a common expedient to fall back upon a ball or a bazaar as a means of attracting contributions and averting bankruptcy. Many people object to these and similar dodges for "raising the wind." The warm-hearted and enthusiastic cry "shame" upon such want of faith in a good cause. Appeal, they say, to the generous sympathies of your fellow-men, and do not mix up matters essentially different—pleasure with piety, almsgiving

with frivolity, tender compassion with vivacious tomfoolery. Do not desecrate your cause by stooping to offer a guinea's worth of amusement for a guinea's worth of charity. Hard-headed people, again, denounce the practice as a bad speculation, resulting in much waste of time and strength, and very small profit. Nevertheless, balls and bazaars continue to be the refuge of institutions, whether charitable or religious, whose balance-sheets are "shady." *Rem—si possis recte; si non, quocumque modo, rem.* So that the guinea rings true, never mind the motive of the donor.

In the case of bazaars, indeed, the philosophic philanthropist feels every disposition to be indulgent. Bazaars are almost the only species of amusement, properly so called, in which young people who have been strictly brought up are permitted to indulge. "Recreation is good for mind and body," as the worn-out governess writes for a text at the top of her pupil's copy-book. Lectures, tea-parties, a visit to the British Museum—an Anti-Slavery meeting at which a facetious man of colour describes with a broad grin the thrilling particulars of his escape from captivity—an evening with the microscope, watching the pulsations of a frog's heart, or dissecting the leg of a flea—nay, even a round game conducted in the interests of science with a pack of cards figured with the names of chief towns and principal productions, and the lively addition of a fat tetotum or an auctioneer's hammer—these are not recreations. Recreation signifies innocent abandonment of mind and body, and from this, especially when cooped up in a town, the young people referred to are almost totally excluded. But a bazaar is really and truly a recreation. The mere preparation for it revolutionizes a household. Laws of the Medes and Persians are joyously set at defiance, parental prohibitions become a dead letter, family traditions are trampled under foot without the faintest uneasiness of conscience, and all the womankind fling themselves into a species of three months' saturnalia. Prim young ladies who had been taught to regard dolls as "naughty," are seen, with radiant countenances, busily engaged in attiring a basketful of dolls of both sexes. The dolls are by no means of a serious turn of mind. Here sits enveloped in enormous crinoline a dissipated doll of fashion, whose eyes have been coquettishly half-closed by the hands of the unsophisticated young lady who dressed her. There lies a ballet dancer in pink silk stockings and abundance of white muslin. Here, in jaunty attitude, propped against the wall, stands a Crimean hero in full uniform, with fascinating mustaches. There, a man of undeniable *ton* hangs suspended over the back of a chair, with a most rakish look about the eyes, smoking a diminutive cigar made of real tobacco. Notwithstanding the horror of Popery commonly pervading the establishment, you will see at least a dozen Sisters of Mercy charmingly attired in black gowns and white caps, one or two nuns thrust a little into the background, and possibly a popish priest in accurate costume. To do the young ladies justice, however, they generally assert their Protestant principles with due emphasis in the case of the priest. A bloated doll with vulgar expression of countenance is commonly selected, and a few touches of a paintbrush soon impart a scowl of mingled slyness and ferocity. But the sphere of unwonted liberty extends far beyond the region of dolls. Embroidered smoking-caps and cigar-cases, illuminated betting-books, pen-wipers surmounted by a small china figure of Mr. Thomas Sayers in a pugilistic attitude, a gentleman's travelling-bag with compartments for three different kinds of wines and spirits, and a large meerschaum pipe with multitudinous silk tassels—these are some of the interesting objects amidst which the womankind of a model household may disport themselves without let or hindrance, for the three months anterior to a bazaar. Smoking may be an atrocious habit, pugilism barbarous, betting wicked, and free indulgence in ardent spirits a practice open to question; but then, men will be men—if you cannot prevent vice, at least try to bring good out of evil. The funds of the Stammerer's Friend Society are languishing, and, *coûte qu'il coûte*, must be replenished. Work away, then, young ladies, and be happy. He would be a churlish censor who would wish to rob you of your blameless saturnalia—the happy invention of a bazaar, in which the pleasure is so much the greater because it has a distant family resemblance to impropriety. Only do not be too hard for the future on your less straitlaced sisters who dance at balls and go to see Fechter. Bear in mind this hint more especially when, on the eventful day of the Bazaar, you stand behind your respective stalls, dressed more becomingly than usual in order to attract purchasers, and of course for no other reason. Bear this in mind during the vicissitudes of the day's campaign, when, purely to benefit the funds of the Stammerer's Friend Society, you shed bewitching glances amongst the male community that throng the room. As mild philanthropists, then, we do not reprobate the practice of propping up a needy institution or dilapidated charity with the aid of bazaars, balls, fêtes, or what you will.

We confess, however, that we are sorry to see, in various parts of the country, the Finance Committees of Volunteer Corps driven to similar expedients for "raising the wind." Thousands of intelligent high-spirited Englishmen have sacrificed time and money to be of service to their country, and it is unjust and impolitic not to relieve them of all anxiety as to the necessary working expenses of their several corps. It is not agreeable to see hand-bills like the following stuck up in shop-windows or posted against the walls:—

Unparalleled Attraction!!!

On the 15th June,
A Grand Floral Fête and Gala
will be held at

Poppington Green,
for the Benefit of the Funds
of the
Poppington Volunteer Rifle Corps.

There will be a Brilliant Display
of the Choicest Flowers of the Season!!!

Manly Sports
will add Excitement to the Scene.
N.B.—Leaping in Sacks and Donkey Races!

The Splendid Band
of the Poppington Volunteer Rifle Corps
will play a Series of Lively Airs.

Admission 6d. Refreshments moderate.

For further Particulars apply to the Finance Committee of the Corps.

Neither is it desirable that respectable booksellers in London and elsewhere should be teased by ladies presiding at the stalls of bazaars held in aid of Volunteer Corps with requests such as that which we copy *verbatim* from a letter before us:—

We will esteem it a great favour if you would kindly contribute one or more of your publications towards this object. The obligation would be much enhanced by your inserting in *propria manu* a presentation in each work to this effect:—"Presented to the Bazaar, &c. &c. &c., by the Publisher."

The delicate compliment conveyed in the request for the publisher's autograph was an artful stroke, but we doubt whether the great London firms have sent off many railway truck-loads of their publications to a bazaar in aid of a Rifle Corps at the other end of England.

Where balls, bazaars, or galas are not resorted to, it is the practice of Volunteer Corps to canvass the whole neighbourhood for subscriptions and donations in the most searching and methodical manner. The agreeable task generally falls on the unhappy officers, and the system most approved is to divide the field of labour in alphabetical groups. One officer calls upon every gentleman or tradesman whose name begins with A and B. Another officer takes C, another E, and so on. Unpalatable as this drudgery may be, there are many corps that cannot pay their way without it.

The *Times* the other day, either in simple ignorance of the facts, or influenced by a breath of ill-omened inspiration from an official quarter, made light of the financial difficulties of Volunteers. The fact, however, remains that Volunteers are compelled to compete for public favour with Lying-in Hospitals, Ragged Schools, Asylums for Idiots, and the like institutions, in order to raise funds for defraying necessary expenses. Can this be satisfactory to a Government that professes to take a warm interest in the Volunteer movement? To worry the public for subscriptions is not a pleasant process, and still less pleasant is the process of being worried. Is their no danger lest, amidst all this worrying and being worried, the popularity of the Volunteer Service should be seriously impaired?

REVIEWS.

THE DANUBE AND THE ADRIATIC.*

A WRITER who, like Mr. Paton, is able to announce at the outset of his work that it contains "contributions to the modern history of Hungary and Transylvania, Dalmatia and Croatia, Servia and Bulgaria," has evidently, if his facts are trustworthy, a great deal to tell the English public which is worth knowing. Few persons here care very much for these outlying sections of the European community, and even the cleverest traveller cannot awaken much interest in behalf of places that no one visits, of people who talk strange tongues, and of societies which are mostly semi-barbarous without being strikingly picturesque. But those who wish to understand what is going on in the Europe of our day must attend to the affairs of the Slaves, and the Magyars, and the Daco-Romans, and countless other tribes and races that hold the border land of Europe and Asia. We may be quite sure that plenty of trouble is brewing in that quarter. Austria and Russia and Turkey will not keep quiet because we think their difficulties uninteresting, and nations which feel a new impulse to rise and assist themselves will not pause because Western Europe cannot talk their language. After all, the shibboleths of the contending races and peoples of Eastern Europe are not much more uninviting or obscure than the religious shibboleths which divided the combatants in the obscure Continental wars of the seventeenth century; and as historians get up the latter, political students may be content to get up the former. They are very fortunate when they can make the attempt under the guidance of so pleasant, so unpedantic, and so conscientiously accurate a guide as Mr. Paton.

The interest of these volumes lies partly in the narratives of travel they contain, and partly in the stores of information on all kind of subjects with which they abound. Mr. Paton is a

model traveller. He thinks nothing of going into the wildest places. He has really seen the interior of Servia, and ridden through a country which is a mere name even to most of those who have touched at Belgrade. He has described carefully all the principal places on the eastern shore of the Adriatic which were once within the territory of Venice or her dependencies. He has even something to tell us of people hitherto unnoticed in the English language. No preceding English traveller, so far as we are aware, has been at the trouble to make himself acquainted with the Roman Catholic Mirdites of Upper Albania, in whom the indefatigable French Consul, M. Hecquard, takes such an unflagging interest. Mr. Paton has also bestowed great pains on making his information as accurate as it is copious, and we glean from his pages many little facts that are interesting to know. He establishes, for example, that Haynau was a hundred miles away from the scene of the atrocity that has made his name famous, and that he first heard that the woman was flogged by reading in extracts from the English newspapers that he had flogged her. He also points out that the real hero of the siege of Silistria was a Prussian, who, in English annals, has been consigned to oblivion. This Prussian was an officer named Grach, and certainly he seems to have been most unjustly robbed of fame. We are familiar with the names of Nasmyth and Butler, but who in England ever heard of Grach? It is the Kars case over again. It may, again, be new to many of our readers that M. Kossuth is not a Magyar at all, but a Slovak; that is, he belongs to one of the Slave tribes settled in the vicinity of Presburg. Few persons can pretend to check the accuracy of the statements of such a traveller as Mr. Paton, and those who pronounce him accurate can only mean that he is right so far as they know, and that his cautious language and expositions of the proofs on which he rests inspire a belief in his trustworthiness. It is only on minor and subsidiary points that we can detect what we think are errors. He speaks, for example, as if the Great Russians were Slaves. This is not so. They are a congeries of Ugrian peoples slowly and gradually Slavonized and Christianized from the great centres of Novgorod and Kiev, and assimilated into one nation by the harmonizing action of eight centuries. Mr. Paton, again, tells us that the Bulgarian language is the same as the Servian. We cannot agree with him. The Bulgarian is a different dialect, and is, we believe, the direct descendant of the old Church Slavonic, which has lost its case inflexions and synthetic construction.

There is, however, one subtraction to be made from Mr. Paton's merits as a political critic. He is in the bondage of a theory about races. Such a race has such qualities, and to those qualities a certain destiny is attached. The German is the favourite of fortune, and it is his mission to show his superiority to Magyars and Slaves. This is the burthen of much of Mr. Paton's criticism on the remoter portions of the Austrian empire. There is, of course, some truth in the position that races have certain qualities attached to them, but it is a truth that leads theorists into a rigidity of theory which has no counterpart in actual life. Mr. Paton, in one passage, draws out an elaborate table, in which he contrasts the salient points of Saxon history with the salient points of Slavic history. It is evident, if this supposed history is examined, that the contrast is merely one between the history of England and that of Russia. There are no other Saxons except ourselves who have ever gone through the stages selected by Mr. Paton, and his history of the Slaves is literally an account of the history of Russia, brought down to the recent emancipation of the serfs. The history of a really Slavic nation like the Poles presents very few of the features dwelt on by Mr. Paton as typical of Slavic history. America teaches us that a very slight difference in climate, economical circumstances, and political traditions had produced changes of the utmost importance in the only great society that is like our own. Theorists always claim for the Teutonic races a love of law and freedom which they deny to the Celtic and the Latin races. And yet one of the most conspicuous facts of the present day is the zeal with which the Celto-Roman inhabitants of North Italy cling to freedom and to the supremacy of the law, while all Teutonic Germany grovels at the feet of the police and the bureaucracy. Mr. Paton himself is full of contempt for the slovenly barbarians on the Lower Danube, whose descent from the masters of the ancient world he candidly admits; and he acknowledges that the Asiatic tribes who occupy Hungary and Transylvania are greatly superior. We do not see any evidence to warrant us in saying that the Magyars are born with an inherent inferiority to the Germans. At any rate the Germans have not always thought so; for, as Mr. Paton points out, it was the fashion in days before political troubles began, for German residents in Hungary to assume Magyar names. This at least shows that the Germans had none of the pride of a consciously superior race. Mr. Paton dwells much on the absence of literary and artistic genius in the Magyars as a point of native inferiority. We do not think the facts quite bear him out, for Kis the sculptor is, we believe, of pure Magyar blood. But this argument from the absence or presence of literary and artistic genius is a very frail one. A century ago, the German Empire had endured for hundreds of years, and yet there was no German literature. If Goethe and Schiller had not come at the end of centuries of power, and court life, and national importance, where would German literature be? At this moment, the nation that is most conspicuously rising into greatness and prominence,

* *Researches on the Danube and the Adriatic.* By A. A. Paton, F.R.G.S. London: Trübner. 1862.

shows no accompanying brilliancy in literature and art. There are no great writers or artists in modern Italy. In practical politics all these theories about what nations can be and cannot be are very barren, and lead to very little; and we regret that Mr. Paton should have wasted so much time and thought on topics so profitless.

Mr. Paton's present work is a recast of what was originally published in four volumes and on different occasions. He has not thought proper to bring his notices of the countries he deals with down to the present time. It would have been much more interesting if he had; but he would probably answer that he does not wish to speak of events as to which he has no personal knowledge. It is, however, rather unsatisfactory to read about Hungary and find no notice of the consequences of the application of that system of centralization which Mr. Paton wisely condemned before it was tried. It is tantalising to read of Serbia before the revolution which restored the Milosch dynasty, or of Turkey before the Crimean war. What was true of these countries ten or twelve years ago, must be, indeed, very nearly true now, as all change in semi-barbarous communities is necessarily so slow. Everything that Mr. Paton tells us of the past is useful in judging of the present. But he does not tell us the very thing which, after reading of the past, we most want to know. We cannot ascertain what are the changes that time has made, and is threatening to make. The point, for example, which Mr. Paton elucidates with the greatest clearness and force in the history of modern Hungary, is the thirst for exclusive domination which characterized the Magyar movement of 1848. This great fact is one which, in judging of Hungary, we should never forget. The Magyars wished to trample on the Slaves of Hungary, and on the Daco-Romans of Transylvania. They desired freedom from Austria, but they equally desired to be the masters of all the nations that lived within the boundaries of the old kingdom of Hungary. The war of 1848-9 was, in many districts, a cruel war of race against race, and creed against creed. Unquestionably, to some dwellers in Hungary the Austrians came back as liberators. The Court of Vienna had the triumph of announcing through its generals that many of its subjects might resume the privilege of worshipping God in their own language—a privilege of which the rebels had stripped them. But, however necessary it may be to bear in mind that Magyarism once meant a tyranny of race, what we should like now to understand from so competent a judge as Mr. Paton is the reason why the subject races are at present working in such apparent harmony with the Magyars, and how it happens that the Slaves of Croatia are as determined as the people of Pesth and Grosswardein to maintain their liberties against Austria.

It would be impossible to notice one-tenth of the important points in the current history of Eastern Europe on which Mr. Paton gives us the benefit of his wide information and his honest and temperate judgment. We can only refer to one or two of the most important of these points as samples of the rest. And as, with regard to Austria, the greatest service Mr. Paton has rendered us is the exposition of the relations obtaining a few years ago between the Magyar and the other Hungarian races, so, with regard to Turkey, his most important service has, we think, been the distinctness with which he brings before us the comparative insignificance of the Greeks among the Christian inhabitants of Turkey in Europe. Accident, and the name of Greece, and the accessibility of Greece to the Western navies, and the commercial activity of the Greeks, have made us forget how trifling a part of Christian Turkey free Greece is. The inhabitants of the Principalities and of Serbia, still nominally under the Porte, have a contempt for the bastard little monarchy of King Otho which is justified by a superiority of numbers, and, probably, of national character. It is, indeed, difficult to compare semi-barbarians, but the friends of the Servians assert that these semi-barbarians are tolerably honest, modest, and brave; whereas the friends of the Greeks seldom go so far as that. Mr. Paton takes a very favourable view of the prospects of the Turks, who will not, he thinks, be civilized, but who know quite well how to keep their subjects in order. As Mr. Paton leads us to infer that he is countenanced in his opinions by Mr. Alison, whose knowledge of Turkey and the Turks is unrivalled, we should attach great weight to what he says on this head, were it not that nearly ten years have passed since the opinions now published were formed. It has become evident since then that the grasp of Turkey on her outlying provinces has become feebler, and that the Turks of the highest rank and position have lost their old self-reliance, and now nervously look to Western Europe to determine their future. We hope that the day will come before long when Mr. Paton may have an opportunity of reconsidering, amid the scenery of his former travels, the opinions he then arrived at. The ways of the Foreign Office are inscrutable, and it is in vain to ask why one of the very few Englishmen who could be useful to the Government in Eastern Europe is kept away from his proper sphere, and relegated to Lübeck, where Mr. Paton is now consul. If Mr. Paton is ever again permitted to see and write on his beloved Danube and all the savage Christians in whom he delights, we hope to have another work even more interesting than this, because the fruit of a maturer experience. In one way it may easily be superior. For, in these volumes, Mr. Paton thinks it necessary to cover every individual

male and female of whom he speaks by name with a handsome layer of soft soap; and probably he would discard a practice so annoying to a reader when the consciousness of an established reputation made him judge it superfluous.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DIARY.*

THIS is the Diary, not of the late Duke of Buckingham, but of his predecessor. The whole of the work, except the first chapter, consists of the diary of a tour made by the Duke in Italy, Sicily, and Corsica, for the health of his estate, which had been considerably dilapidated by (among other expensive pleasures) entertaining the exiled Royalty of France, who very naturally took it all as an offering due to their own divinity, and did nothing for the Duke in return. But the first chapter, relating occurrences before the Duke's departure from England, contains what the editor imagines to be an extraordinarily luscious piece of political scandal touching the complications connected with the formation of the Canning Administration. "Such an exposition of Ministerial intrigue does not exist in any published work; and whether the high authority on which it rests is considered, or the distinguished characters there dealt with so freely, it must be acknowledged to be of singular interest." We will give entire the passage in which this astounding "exposition" is contained:—

15th. I went to the King, according to appointment, and was received most graciously. He made me sit down, and I had an audience of near three hours. He had kept me waiting, owing to some boxes arriving from London. He therefore sent the Lord Steward to entertain me, offer me refreshments, &c. I began by asking him about his own health. He is much altered and aged, walked but feebly, but still without assistance, but complained of his knees. This conversation related at first to his own health, and to that of his old companions in the gout, Lord Forester and others.

I then told him that I could not take advantage of his gracious permission to leave the country, perhaps for some time, without laying at his feet the testimony of my deep-felt gratitude for his great goodness manifested to me, and the assurance that he had not a more attached and grateful servant than myself. I was the more anxious to do this, because the times had been such as to place me in a situation not to be able to prove it in the usual way by service or support.

He then exclaimed: "Ah! these are indeed strange times, and it is a strange political atmosphere which we are breathing."

I replied, "So strange, Sir, that I cannot breathe it, and I retire to avoid it."

He then, hardly allowing me to say a word, entered himself into a detail, for two hours uninterruptedly, of the whole circumstances attending the late change, and most clearly made out a story against Peel and the Duke of Wellington, the truth of which I cannot doubt, and which perfectly surprised me. The King, on the political "smash" of the Ministry, urged the Government to hold together, and to choose some one—he cared not who, Protestant or Catholic—to recommend as Prime Minister. That, of course, he could not admit the situation to be elective, but that if they would name any one that would hold them together on the principles of Lord Liverpool's Government, that man should be his Minister.

Twice he saw the Duke of Wellington, and twice said the same thing to him, urging them to unite—and twice the Duke of Wellington declined himself suggesting any person, specially saying that he could not be his Minister, that he had gained all he wished for, more than he had hoped for—that he had been bred up amongst camps and armies, that all his political views had arisen out of, or had been secondary to his military proceedings, and therefore that he could not be his Minister; that as to a purely Protestant Government, it could not be made.

The King suggested several names—Buxley, Bathurst, &c. &c. Why not make them sticks to rally round? No, they would name nobody, and the Duke of Wellington persevered in excluding himself.

At last Peel, who had kept a very high and mighty bearing, declared himself ready to meet Canning upon the subject; and after their meeting Peel wrote to the King to say that one had been suggested, but that he would wait upon the King, as he did not like to put the name in writing. In the meanwhile several delays occasioned by Peel intervened, and at last after Tierney had declared that he would ask a question in the House of Commons about the Government—that he must do so to keep it out of other hands—Peel came to the King and thundered out the Duke of Wellington's name.

The King, having been refused twice by the Duke himself, and having under that refusal announced that he was not to be the man, said he would not then, in the last moment, in the eleventh hour, have a man crammed down his throat; declined the Duke, and suggested any other; and then, upon, for the first time, a refusal being given to act with Canning, refused the Duke of Wellington, named Canning, and then the resignation took place—the Duke of Wellington leading the way, because his own suggestion had been adopted; and he followed it up by throwing at the King's head the whole of his employments, military and all. The King begged him to keep the army. No—all or nothing!

Now, the Duke had an entire right to say that he was the fittest man to be Minister, and the only one to keep parties together. But he had no right to protest until the last moment that he would not be the man, and then employ that last moment in putting the pistol loaded with his own name to the King's head.

We have no hesitation in saying that till this story is confirmed on "authority" much "higher" in point of veracity than that of His Majesty King George IV., we shall attach very little importance to it. The Duke of Wellington had his failings as a politician and as a man; but the last thing of which any one would have suspected him was a disposition to coquet. We do not believe that Peel ever had such a "meeting" with Canning on the subject as the King describes; nor do we believe that he ever "thundered out the Duke of Wellington's name" to the King. No evidence has ever been discovered of any concert between the Duke of Wellington and Peel on the occasion. It is probable that all the three aspirants to the Premiership stood very much aloof from each other, waiting for the King to award the apple. The King had personal reasons for choosing Canning, who had paid better court to him than the other two, and proved

* *The Private Diary of Richard Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G.* In 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

far more compliant than they would have been—allowing the King, as the writer of this Diary testifies, to take the patronage out of his hands and use it against his wishes. He even, if the King is to be believed, stooped to sacrifice the cause with which his name was most identified in order to retain his Majesty's favour:—

I then asked him whether he did not see that the Whigs would pledge him much closer to the carrying of that question, the Catholic, than any other public body would? His answer was, "*Alors, comme alors.*" Canning has pledged himself never to press me upon that subject, and never to be a member of the Cabinet that does!

I begged to have that repeated to me, that I might be sure of the fact. The King repeated them, and then said: "As yet he has kept his word, and I think he will go on and do so; but, by God, the moment he changes his line, he goes—and, of course, I look only to my Prime Minister. It is his business to complete his Administration upon the same principles on which he himself consents to form it, and it is no business of mine to look further."

But the King is not to be believed, nor is the name of the Duke of Wellington, Peel, or Canning, to be sullied by anything that fell from his lips. He had become by this time not only the greatest liar in his three kingdoms, but simply destitute of the sense of truth. He "had not truth enough in him to make a lie." This very chapter contains evidence of the veracity as well as of the kingly politeness of the "first gentleman in England:—"

The King expressed much indignation against Lord Mansfield, who had accused him in the House of Lords of having changed his opinion on the Catholic Question.

"He lied. Had I been an individual I would have told him so and fought him. As it was, I put the Archbishop of Canterbury in a fright by sending him as my second to Mansfield, to tell him he lied. The Archbishop came down bustling here to know what he was to do? 'So,' said I, 'go and do my bidding—tell him he lies, and kick his behind in my name!'"

Nothing can be more certain than that George IV. when Prince of Wales shared, or professed to share, the liberal opinions of the Whigs, with whom he was then intriguing, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, as well as on other subjects; and that he veered round on this, as on other subjects, when he became Regent. So that if the Archbishop of Canterbury had delivered both the missives with which he was so gracefully charged to his Majesty himself, instead of to Lord Mansfield, neither of them would have been misplaced.

It is not wonderful that the Duke of Buckingham should dutifully swallow anyrodomontade the King chose to tell him after "a most gracious reception," being "made to sit down," and "having an audience of nearly three hours," besides such pleasant attentions from the Lord Steward while he was kept waiting. Other persons at the time "treated the story of Canning's pledge not to press the Catholic question as a lie of the King's." It incidentally appears, by the way, that the Duke of Buckingham himself was not severely accurate in his statements. He assures the King that he is going abroad "to avoid breathing so strange a political atmosphere," whereas we learn from his editor's account that he was going for the purpose of saving money and nursing his estate.

The Diary is well written. Its author was a highly-cultivated man, a classical scholar and antiquarian, and—what is more remarkable—a naturalist and geologist, as well as a duke. But the tour was over too beaten a track to afford any novelty or much interest. It is rather to be regretted that the Duke did not make a tour in search of the social picturesque round the houses of the aristocracy; for he was not without a touch of the Duc de St. Simon in his mental composition, and could have painted society well:—

Dined at Lord Shrewsbury's—a formal party. They are just come to their fortune; are very rich, and very proud of their riches withal. She covers herself with diamonds, and silver foil, and spangles, and goes about, like a chimney-sweeper on May-day, in a carriage drawn by four grey horses, driven in hand—somewhat remarkable anywhere; here particularly so. She is haughty and proud, and desirous of being considered as the head of English society here, but manages badly, and gets hated. After dinner he, who is a good, quiet sort of a body, came up to me and thanked me for the honour I had done him by dining with him!—and he the first earl of England!

To-day, in the Villa Borghese, I saw the four coach-horses, one coachman, two footmen, carriage, and Lady Shrewsbury and sisters, all in the middle of the road. A fly had bit one of the horses, and this set the ladies screaming. So I put them into my carriage; and, notwithstanding her objection to driving with a pair in a job, she condescended to be taken home. There is a certain archness, too, in the following description of a little scene at Sir Edward Codrington's:—

In the evening, a report was made that the admiral's ship, the *Ocean*, had fallen to leeward, and could not come in that night, but that he had put off in his barge, and was coming on shore. In an instant we were all in a pucker, and a little comedy began. Lady C. in the tremor, the daughter in a flutter, aide-de-camps and secretaries in a fuss, and all waiting to perform the *Ko Tow* simultaneously to the great man. Soon suspense began to be too irritating to be borne by tender feelings, and Lady Codrington and family all retired to the verandah, fanning themselves out of the heat of expectation. At last a buzz arose that the admiral was on the stairs, and the group was instantly formed. The astonished admiral, who expected to have gone quietly home to his wife and dish of tea, found himself produced in a room full of lights and hot people. Lady C. hung on one arm in ecstasy, the daughter on the other with streaming eyes, as if he had come from another battle of Navarino instead of a peaceful cruise of not above fourteen days, whilst we performed the *Ko Tow*. The admiral took the hint, and became the hero at once, soothing the sympathies of his fat wife and long daughter, gracious and condescending to his brother bluecoats, extending his hand in protection, and casting his eyes around in gracious pleasure. With a most princely *empressment*, he hailed me as a brother prince; and Wilcox's cheeks grew redder and redder, and his eyes rounder and rounder, as he stared upon the hero, and was nearly exhausted with perspiration by the time his turn

came to be presented to one who he thought was the greatest man in the world.

These ceremonies over, we gradually subsided into respectful tranquillity, whilst the hero most oracularly doled out to us the treasures of his information. I found that his tone was warlike, and the Turks are to be ground into powder. Thus passed this eventful evening.

The work concludes with some poems, written by the Duke in his Diary, of which it can only be said that they are by a person of the highest quality.

THE PLAY OF THE SACRAMENT.

CONSIDERING the enthusiasm and industry which have been devoted to the study of English dramatic literature, one cannot but feel surprised that our oldest existing secular drama—by which we mean a drama that is neither a mystery, nor a miracle-play, nor a morality—should still remain unpublished. Yet so it is: The name of the English playwright who first ventured to look for a subject outside the Scriptures, the lives of the saints, or the intercourse of personified virtues and vices, has been hitherto, and indeed is still, unknown; but his work—or at least what, in the absence of other claimants, may fairly be considered his work—*The Play of the Sacrament*—has lately been found in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. There it is preserved in a small quarto volume of miscellaneous paper MSS. marked F. 4. 20. The handwriting of that portion of the volume which contains our drama is of the latter half of the fifteenth century, and the scribe probably finished his work soon after 1461, the date given at the end of the play as that of the occurrence on which it is founded. The precedence in our dramatic annals which *Ralph Roister Doister* (written about 1540) wrested from *Gammer Gurton's Needle* must accordingly now be yielded to this *Play of the Sacrament*. With regard to its author, the occurrence of the form *jugett* (line 447) as the participle passive of the verb *to judge*, seems to show that he belonged to the northern half of England; and this conclusion is strengthened by the circumstance that the scene of the performance appears from the prologue to have been "Croxtun," in or near which was a place called the Colcote, "a lytylle besyde Babwelle Mylle." For "Croxtun" occurs as a topographical name only in Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Leicestershire. We are glad to say that the play, which contains 1005 lines and a number of words and forms interesting to the English glossarist and grammarian, is now in type, and about to be published by the Philological Society as a quarry for their English dictionary. And we are indebted to their Secretary for a set of the proof-sheets of this curious relic of our old dramatic literature.

The plot, as the editor observes, is taken from one of those stories known to all acquainted with the history of the Continental Jews in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Many of these unbelievers (if we credit the stories above referred to) obtained and outraged consecrated wafers. The miracles which thereupon took place had the threefold effect of proving the doctrine of the real presence, of establishing the needlessness of communion under both kinds, and of affording zealous Christians opportunities of killing Jews and acquiring their property. It is certainly, as Basnage observes (*Histoire des Juifs*, vol. v.), a curious fact that the Jews did not begin to commit the sacrilege in question until the thirteenth century, when what Germans would call the *cultus* of the sacrament was established by the Church. It is still more curious that the introduction of the older cultus of images appears to have been followed by similar outrages on the part of the Jews, and similar miracles on the part of the Person whose divinity, when incorporated in wood, wax, or flour, these Jews have so obstinately refused to recognise. In support of our last statement, we may refer to the Benedictine edition of Athanasius, vol. ii. pp. 343, 344 (where may be seen a Greek story about the image of Berytus, attributed to that Father, and read as his at the second Council of Nice), and to Sigebert's *Chronica*, at the year 765 (not 365, as the Benedictines have it), in Pertz's *Monumenta Germanica Historica*, viii. 333. Those who wish to go more fully into the subject-matter of our play, are referred to the work of Basnage above cited, and to Sauval's *Histoire et Recherches des Antiquités de la Ville de Paris*, Paris, 1724, vol. i. p. 117, where mention is made of a local sacrilege, and of the name of a street which resulted therefrom—*La Rue où Dieu fut bouilli*. Those who still care to master the worthless literature of a despicable subject, may turn to Yden's *Histoire du S. Sacrement Miracle*, Bruxelles, 1605, where the chief Jew's name is, as in our play, Jonathan; and to Nicola Laghi da Lugano *De Miracoli del Santissimo Sacramento*, Venetia, 1615, p. 65 *et seq.* It is not undeserving of notice that our tolerant English dramatist dismisses his Jews baptized and undertaking a voluntary pilgrimage their "wykyd lyryng for to restore," whereas the sacrilegious torturers appear to have been invariably burnt alive, according to the Continental accounts. Of these, that contained in Messer Giovanni Villani's *Croniche* (Vinetia, 1537), A.D. 1290, may be cited as being at once brief and typical:—

D'uno miracolo che auenne in Parigi del corpo di Christo. Nel detto anno [1290], essendo in Parigi uno giudeo che prestava d'usura, alquale uenendo una semplice feminella per un suo pegno, il giudeo le disse, se tu mi rechi il corpo del nostro Christo io ti renderò il tuo pegno senza denari. La feminella il promise, & la mattina della pasqua andandosi a comunicare ritenne in bocca il sacramento del corpo di Christo, & recollo al detto giudeo, per quella cupidigia, ilquale giudeo messa una padella al fuoco con acqua

begliente ui gitte dentro il corpo di Christo, et non potendolo in quella consumare con uno coltello il feri piu uolte, ilquale fece abondeuolmente sangue, onde tutta l'acqua diuene uermiglia, et di quella il trasse & miselo in aqua fredda & similmente diuene uermiglia, in questo sopraggiugnendoui christiani per impermutare danari, saccosero del sacrillegio del giudeo, saltando il corpo di Christo per se medesimo in su una tuola, & cio conosciuto per li christiani, il giudeo fu preso & arso, & il corpo santo di Christo con grande reuerenza per lo sacerdote fue ricolto, & della casa doue auenne il miracolo si fece una chiesa, laquale si chiama il Salvatore della gente.

Our drama, like the Coventry mysteries, opens with a prologue spoken by standard-bearers (*rexillatores*). There, however, there are three, here there are only two, who relate the plot *apocryphus*, invite the audience to attend on Monday, at Croxton, "to see the conclusyon of thys lytell processe," and conclude by directing a minstrel to blow up wyth a mery steyn. Then enters Aristorius Mercator, and states that in Eraclea there is none such as he—

Ffor off all Aragon I am most myghty of sylver and of gold,
Ffor and yt wer a cowntre to by now wold I nat wond.*
Syr Arystory ys my name;
A merchante myghty of a royall araye;
Fful wyde in this worlde spryngyth my fame,
Fere kend and knowne the sothe for to saye.

He enumerates the cities and countries comprised in his dealings, and states that "no man in thys world may weld more rychesse." Then enters the curate, or, as he would now be called, the domestic chaplain, who delivers himself of some professional flattery and advice, and the merchant then sends off his clerk with orders to go through the town—

And wytte yff any merchante be come to this reyn
Of Surrey, or of Saby, or of Shelys down.

Then enters the Jew Jonathas, prays his "glorious God" Almighty Mahomet

After my dethe bryng me to thy hyhe see
My sowle for to save yff yt be thy wyll—

and thanks him for sending him gold, silver, precious stones, and abundance of spices. These jewels and spices he then rehearses, and winds up by addressing his servants, Jason, Jasdon, Masfat, and Malchus on the doctrine of the real presence. "The belevor on a cake," he says, "me thynk yt ys onkynd" (i.e. unnatural). Malchus suggests that a consecrated wafer should be obtained for the purpose of experiment, and Jonathas proposes to buy one from Aristorius the merchant. At this juncture the merchant's clerk meets the Jew, and returns to his master, saying that "the grettest marchlante in all Surre (Syria) ys come with hym to bey and sell." Aristorius' parlour is thereupon hung with a pall "as longeth for a lordis pere," and then we have a scene between Aristorius and Jonathas, in which, for the consideration of one hundred pounds, the former agrees to get the latter a consecrated wafer. Then comes the following scene between Aristorius, his chaplain, and his clerk:—

Presbiter. Syr, Almighty God mott be your gyde,
And glad yow where soo yow rest,
Aristorius. Syr, ye be welcom home thys tyde,
Now, Peter, gett us wyne of the best.
Clericus. Syr, here ys a drawte of romney red,
Ther ys no better in Aragon,
And a lofe of lyght bred;
Yt ys holsoim as sayeth the fesycyon.
Arist. Drynke of, ser Isoder, and be of good chere,
Thys romney ys good to goo with to reste;
Ther ys no precyouser fer nor nere,
For all wykkyd metys yt wylle degest.
Presb. Syr thys wyne ys good at a taste,
And ther of have I drunke ryght welle.
To bed to gone thus have I cast,
Eyn strait after thys mery mele.
Now ser I pray to God send yow good rest
Ffor to my chamber now wylle I gone.
Arist. Ser, with yow be god almyght[est],
And sheld yow ever from yowr fone.

The merchant, having thus disposed of the priest, gets the church-key, takes the Host from the altar, and delivers it to Jonathas, who carries it off to his parlour. There he and his servants, after contemptuously rehearsing some of the leading doctrines and traditions of mediæval Christianity, proceed to try whether the wafer is "he that in Bosra of them had awe," and plunge their daggers into it. The Host bleeds. They propose to cast it into a caldron filled with oil, but Jonathas "reneth wood with the ost in hys hand." His servants then nail the wafer on a post, and pluck at their master's arm; when, lo! his hand comes off, and cleaves to the post with the sacrament. Jonathas thereupon retires to his chamber "tylle he may get him sum recuer;" and Colle, the leech's man, enters and begins the comic business. This leech is "Master Brundyche of Braban," and his merits are ironically set forth by his servant. The leech not appearing ("he syttyth with sum tapstere in the spence") Colle stands up and makes proclamation, saying thus:—

Yff ther be cyther man or woman
That sawe master Brundyche of Braban,
Or owyht of hym tel can,
Shall welc be quit hys mede.
He hath a cut berd and a flatte noose,
A therde bare gowne and a rent hoose,
He speketh never good matere nor purpose,
To the pyllyre ye hym lede.

* Hesitate.

Master Brundyche. What thu boye, what janglest here?

Colle. A master, master, but to your reverence.
I wend never to a' seen yowr goodly chere,
Ye tared hens so long.

Mr. Brun. What hast thou sayd in my absense?

Colle. Nothyng, master, but to your reverence.
I have told all this audiense,

And some lyes among.

But, master, I pray yow how doth yowr pacyent

That ye had last under your medycamente?

Mr. Brun. I warrant she never fele annoyment.

Colle. Why, is she in hyr grave?

Mr. Brun. I have given hyr a drynke made full well
Wyth scamoly and with oxonnell (oxymel),
Letwyce, sawge, and pimpernelle.

Colle. Nay then she ys fulle save,
Ffor now ye ar cum I dare welle saye
Betwyn Doryr and Calyce the ryght wey
Dwellth non so cunnyng, be my fey,
In my judgement.

Mr. Brun. Cunnyng, yea, yea, and with prattise
I have savid many a manys lyfe.

Colle. On wydowes, maydes, and wy[v]es
Your cunnyngye you have nyhe spent.

Colle then, pursuant to orders conveyed in six lines, each ending in -ation, calls on all manner of men that have any sickness to come forward and be cured by his master, for, as he adds aside, "though a man were ryght heyle he coud soone make hym seke" (sick). The quack, then, learning that Jonathas had lost his hand, calls unasked upon him, and proposes to cure him, but is beaten away by the Jew's four servants for pering in his presence thus malapertly. Jonathas then orders his hand to be thrown into the caldron, the oil in which boils up "apperyng to be as blood." The Jews then heat an oven red-hot, cast the Host into it, and stop the chinks with clay. "Here," says a stage-direction, "the ovyne must ryve asunder and blede owt at the cranys [crannies], and an Image appere owt with woundis biedyng." The image, which is Jesus, then speaks thus:—

O mirabiles Judei attendite et videte
Si est dolor similis dolor meus (sic).
Oh ye merveyllous Jewys,
Why ar ye to yowr kyng onkynd,
And so bytterly bowt yow to my blysse?
Why fare ye thus fule with your frende?
Why payne yow me and straitly me pynde,
And I yowr love so derely have bowght?
Why are ye so unstedfast in your mynde?
Why wrath ye me? I greve yow nowght.
Why wyl ye nott belevor that I have tawght,
And forsake yowr fowle neclygence,
And kepe my commandementis in yowr thought,
And unto my godhed to take credence?
Why blasphemor yow me? Why do ye thus?
Why put yow me to a newe tormentry?
And I dyed for yow on the crosse.
Why consider not yow what I dyd crye?
Why that I was wyth yow ye ded me velanye.
Why remember ye nott my bitter chaunce,
How yowr kynne dyd me avance
Ffor claymyng of myn cherytaunce?
I shew yow the streynesse of my grevance,
And alle to move yow to my mercy.

The Jews thereupon believe, and severally express their contrition. Jonathas, touching his hand in the caldron, becomes whole again, and goes with his men to fetch and confess to the bishop of Eraclea. The bishop forms a procession of barefooted believers, enters the Jew's house, and addresses the image, which suddenly changes again to bread. Singing with great sweetness this holy song, *O Sacrum Dominum*, they then bear the Host to the church whence Aristorius had taken it. His chaplain seeing the procession, asks him what it means, and the merchant admits that he has sold "yon same Jewys owr Lord for corytise." The bishop then, with an appropriate discourse, restores the Host to the altar. Aristorius comes forward, confesses his crime, and is dismissed with orders to give up buying and selling, and to chastise his body with fasting and prayer, and other good work. The Jews then fall on their knees, again acknowledge their outrage, are baptized, and depart, apparently on a pilgrimage, their "wyekyd lyvyng for to restore." The play concludes with an exhortation from the bishop to serve the Holy Trinity "and also Mary, that swete may," which is followed by a list of the names and number [12] of the players, and an intimation that "nine may play yt at ease."

The plot, as will have been observed, though very simple, is yet distinguished from some of our early dramatic pieces by having a beginning, a middle, and an end. The characters do not come on the stage merely because there is room for them there. Our dramatist, too, shows some command of language; his metrical skill is by no means contemptible; and he occasionally strikes out a line of force and beauty, such as—

Full fer in the worlde sprong his fame.

or—

Gyff lawrelle to that lorde of myght.

The last instance reminds us that the play presents traces of our old alliterative verse, which was used in Scotland at least as late as the time of Dunbar, and which seems to have degenerated among our peasantry into that extravagant love for initial rhyme which Shakspeare ridicules in Quince's—

Wherewith blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely branch'd his boiling bloody breast.

Thus the following would not have been pronounced very bad by an Anglo-Saxon scôp:—

4. And brynge yow to the blyss | that he hath yow to bowght.
 122. My well for to worke | in this world so eyde.
 165. I have dyamantis dere | worthy to dresse.
 169. Perlys precyous | grete plente.
 183. Synymone, sugar | as yow mayn sene.
 178. And datis wolle dulcett | for to dresse.

We have left ourselves but little space to notice the drama from a philological point of view. The most archaic forms which it contains are some verbal plurals in *th*. Thus "*balya brewyth ryght badde*": "*Here goeth the Jewys away*." "*Trendis . . . beth in no wanhope daye nor nyght*," where *beth* is the A.S. *beoð*, "*be ye*." But we find such forms as late as, or perhaps later than, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which was written about 1560, and contains the line—

It is the cat's eyes, fool, that *skineth* in the dark.

There are forms, too, in the third person singular, such as *dwell-th*, *goo-th*, where the termination, as often in Chaucer, is added directly to the root. There are also three or four examples (*methynk*, *do*, *have*) where the ending of that person is quite lost. To the glossarist our drama will be of much interest, for not only does it furnish examples of several rare words, but it also contains some which, so far as we know, are *ἀπαξ λεγόμενα*. Thus, *apryce*, "*valuation*"; *axs*, "*ague*"; *boldyro*, some part of the body; *cannyngale*, "*galingale*"; *clome*, "*to stop a chink with clay*" (compare A. S. *clām*); *crepawd*, "*toadstone*" (Fr. *crapaudine*); *gryll*, "*provoke*" (A. S. *grillan*); *lykke*, "*to seize*" (cf. A. S. *gelæcan*); *oxenell*, "*oxymel*" (ὀξύμηλι); *plawe*, "*to boil*" (a Norfolk word); *roule*, "*to cast*"; (*rulton*, projicio, Prompt. Parv.); *Spruce*, "*Prussia*"? *swynfull*, "*dizzying*"? (A. S. *swima*, "*vertigo*," our "*swimming in the head*"); *topazyon*, "*topaze*" (τοράζιον); *werath*, "*to molest*" (A. S. *gevræðan*) &c.

We may conclude by expressing our satisfaction that this curious relic of our early drama has at last been dragged to light, and our surprise that the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, do not follow the examples set them at Oxford and Cambridge, by printing a good catalogue of the small, but in some respects highly important, collection in which the *Play of the Sacrament* has been found.

MAIDENTHORPE.*

THE Romance of the Forum is always popular. Mr. Samuel Warren has shown to what account an action of ejectment may be turned in a novel; and in all probability, now that the sittings at Westminster Sessions House are ended, he will lose no time in throwing the halo of his genius over the moral cesspool which he has been for the last month so assiduously plumbing. Pending that great literary event, we must be content with noticing any of the small fry that follow in the wake of *Ten Thousand a Year*. Novels of the robe form almost a distinct department of literature; and to this head the one which we have under review must be referred. But it differs from its class in this respect—that whereas in most cases it is the strange chapter of accidents or vicissitudes disclosed in a law court which forms the staple of a work of fiction, here it is the *personnel* of justice itself—the accessories and limbs of the law—upon whom interest is almost exclusively centred. This must be highly flattering to the profession. While the results of their labours often attain the widest celebrity through the medium of Mudie or Booth, Serjeant Buzfuz and Counsellor Silvertongue too often remain unhonoured, "*carent quia vate sacro*." The injustice of this apparently has struck the author of *Maidenthorpe*. In these pages an attempt is made to readjust the balance of fame. We are treated to none of the curious annals of legal experience, but a flood of warm tints and gorgeous colouring is poured over the British barrister.

There is a delusion, engendered by a perusal of the lives of eminent lawyers, that they are doomed to count long months and years before a brief is sighted. They, above all men, are said to sicken at heart from hopes deferred. Nothing, we may state upon the authority of these volumes, is more unlike the truth. If they give a faithful representation, a barrister springs into a practice of 2000*l.* a year, or did so in the year 1825, with very comfortable ease. The Law is said to be a jealous mistress, who will permit no attentions to be paid elsewhere. It is all a mistake. Mr. Alfred Bohun, the hero of this tale, solved the apparent difficulty of reconciling the services of the Courts with the arduous duties of knight-errantry. The Paladin of the nineteenth century wears a wig, and goes the Northern circuit. His faithful Squire carries his weapons in a blue bag. All Yorkshire rings with his doughty deeds. The fair succumb on every side to his fascinations, and one of them in particular, Lady Susan Altham, a member of the county aristocracy, with indecent haste. It would be simply impossible to trace here each stage of the learned gentleman's chequered career. As well might one try to follow the course of harlequin through a Christmas pantomime. If we draw attention to a few of its most salient features, it is simply with a view to give the young bloods of the present day a notion of what the Northern Circuit was in the year 1825, when Scarlett, Brougham, Parke, and Alderson were quailing before a rival to whose acquirements tardy justice has been done in these

pages. The discomfiture of one of them is recorded with great circumstantiality in the following passage:—

Owing to the extreme care bestowed on the preparation of the case, and the accuracy in verifying all the proofs, and the judicious sequence in which they were presented to the jury, it was brought thoroughly home to their minds that every link in the chain of proof was sound and without flaw; so that in spite of the fine oratory of Mr. Brougham, and his very splendid efforts to produce confusion in the array of documents, facts, and figures, he sat down without shaking the conviction of the jury, and he felt it, for there was one very acute man in the box, and whenever Mr. Brougham fell foul of any particular document or register, this person always desired to see it, which for the most part entirely foiled him. The judge who heard the cause put it very fairly and fully before the jury, and left them to form their own opinion, but at the same time said, "they would no doubt take into their consideration that the party in possession had not attempted to establish his right by any sort of counter proof." The jury retired for a few minutes, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, which was received with applause by the audience generally, though the judge exerted himself greatly to preserve order.

Here is a portrait of our hero-advocate, dressed by his clerk Skinner "*to dine with a lady of rank*." In walking from Lancaster to York, he had come upon some footpads attacking a lady's carriage, and in dispersing them had been wounded:—

His height was an inch or two under six feet; and though he was at this time very spare, he was by no means what would be called a slender man, his frame being well knit, chest ample, legs clean, and adapted for activity and strength. His hands, now diverted (*sic*) of the ink dye, by which they were often disfigured, and at present thin and delicate, were not, in form, inconsistent with strength. His neck and shoulders were in complete harmony with his chest, and his head was set on majestically. The bandage was removed from his head, and the black cap contrasted accordingly; and below that his hair appeared much as usual, for Spriggs had been merciful to the lower part when he cleared the crown and scalp; and the *friseur*, besides shaving him, trimmed the hair about his face to the best advantage; after which Bohun managed to get on his black coat and white waistcoat, notwithstanding the stays, which were somewhat *rased* for the occasion.

Great stress is laid on the mention of the latter articles. Mr. Halifax, the doctor, had ordered over a stay-maker from York "*who took measure of him for a pair of stays, the form of which was very skillfully planned*." Upon one occasion, when Lady Susan asks whether he is to be moved to the inn, he replies in the negative, adding, quite promiscuously, "*Mr. Halifax has had me measured for stays, which are to be here on the day after to-morrow*."

While an invalid under Lady Bewdley's roof (that venerable lady was of such weak intellect as to take the whole affair of the robbery for a stroke of lightning), Bohun makes love to her niece in the approved forensic style, prefaceing and interlarding all his rhapsodies with "*my lady*" instead of "*my lud*." Nothing could be more gushing than the young lady, who had lately left school. On the shortest possible acquaintance, she takes to visiting him in his sick chamber, even throwing herself on the bed, and reading all his private letters. The monotony of convalescence is varied by two remarkable legal achievements. The first is a judicial inquiry into the conduct of the kitchen-maid at Maidenthorpe, who, being a sister of one of the robbers, tries to poison Bohun, in conjunction with the butler, "*who was not free from indignant feelings excited by the misappropriation, as he considered it, of so much port wine*." On the arrival of Mr. Oakley, the magistrate, Bohun takes the liberty of reminding him that he is a barrister, and knew all the facts of the case and the motives of the parties, and desired to conduct the examination himself, if he, Mr. Oakley, would administer the oaths and take down the depositions. After this cool announcement, he proceeded to examine the witnesses in the absence of the accused, who was quietly engaged in her avocations below stairs; and having satisfied the magistrate of the strong case against her, ended by despatching her in custody to York Castle. The procedure adopted seems hardly in conformity with the principles on which our criminal law is administered. But what is a slight infraction of Magna Charta in a novel? Bohun, consummate lawyer as he was, was evidently disturbed by no scruples. "*but fell asleep in his chair, and was by Skinner and Mr. Halifax replaced in bed without waking him, and he slept till midnight, when he was able to take some refreshment, after which he slept eight hours more, and was ready to take a good breakfast after being woke up by a wash*." Whether this last incident was an act of voluntary ablation, or what is commonly known as a "*cold pig*," is left wholly to conjecture. His second stroke of business was at all events less indefensible, though far more wonderful. Being pressed by an attorney at York to hear a case for arbitration, he consented to hold a court in his sick room. While he took the evidence in his easy chair, the witnesses, who had all been sworn at York, appeared outside the open window to be examined! As a relaxation from these professional labours, he took to teaching Lady Susan music, alternating "*He shall feed his flock*" with "*When the heart of a man is oppressed with cares*," and putting a handsome commission into the pocket of a friend by ordering a grand piano on Lady Bewdley's account. Finally, observing one Sunday that the parson, in advising his parishioners to be thankful to the Almighty for the crops, accounted rather unsatisfactorily for the causes of the variation of the seasons, "*whereby he perceived that his mind was perplexed between the astronomical doctrines of Moses and Copernicus*," he consented to give a lecture on the double revolution of the earth. On the conclusion of this masterly address, which is given in full, and consists merely of a transcription of the first chapter from any school-book on Physical

* *Maidenthorpe; or, Interesting Events about the Year 1825*. By Jeremiah Bredless, Esq., of the Outer Temple, Fellow of no Society. London: Bentley. 1861.

Geography, he fell back exhausted and almost fainting, owing to the premature exertion of his powers, but Lady Susan and Mrs. Oakley were prompt with smelling bottles. The divine whose sermon had called forth this lecture was present, and admitted that Mr. Bohun had expressed himself with due respect as to the works of God. Although not prepared at once to admit that the earth revolved round the sun, he promised to take the Copernican system into consideration, and expressed a hope of being able hereafter to coincide with the lecturer in his conclusions.

But these halcyon days are at last overclouded. Canon Altham opens the eyes of Lady Bewdley to the fact that she has been all this time harbouring a lawyer—a member of a class whom she regarded with great horror. He is forbidden the house, but manages to effect sundry clandestine meetings. One of these was at a race ball, which he attended “under the natural disguise of restored health.” Upon another occasion, with unparalleled versatility, he went to the cathedral and begged one of the choristers to let him take his place. “The vicar-choral clothed him in his cassock and bands, and as soon as he had heard him sing three or four bars, set off for the races, perfectly satisfied that he had provided a good substitute.” After this curious little episode in his career he goes abroad to Ems, whither Lady Susan Altham had been sent in the charge of a wicked old hag, Lady Seraphina Wolfe. Here he acts the part of a guardian angel, taking her from a depraved German Prince, acting before her in German plays, and, as a Yankee merchant, carrying her across the mountains to Coblenz without the slightest recognition on her part. Then the scene shifts again to England, where a general rage for speculation has set in. Bohun makes vast sums by his extraordinary skill in drawing up deeds of partnership. A panic succeeding, he makes still more by giving advice. In particular, “one commercial leviathan, commanded by Mr. Hargrave and piloted by Bohun, rode majestically through the tempest.” Once more he meets Lady Susan, at the house of her father, Lord Bosworth, who has returned from an embassy to an Italian Court. But he is confronted by a rival in the shape of a profligate Marquis, who insults him by abusing lawyers. In reply, he claims to prove that members of the Bar have an ancient and indisputable right to bear arms. There is no duel, much to the disgust of a fighting admiral among the visitors. Lady Susan, however, expressed an opinion that it would have been an egregious impropriety—to use the mildest term—to have shot the Marquis at such a season:—

“I believe you are right,” said the Admiral; “so there’s my hand, Mr. Bohun.”

“And I hope,” said Lady Susan, “that you mean to have no fighting.”
“It is my earnest wish, my lady,” said Bohun; and then turning to the Admiral, he said, before the lady was out of hearing, “Is not she a first-rate?”

The interest of the story culminates at a *fête champêtre*, where the Marquis, fresh from the presence of George IV., succeeds in drugging Lady Susan with a glass of champagne so intensely iced that the spirituous part was separated from the aqueous, and formed a dangerously intoxicating beverage. But the ubiquitous Bohun turned up in the nick of time, and running for a stomach-pump, employed it with such tremendous energy that her ladyship returned home with her father alive, but very ill. Further than this the devotion of a lover cannot go. We read, therefore, without surprise, that Lady Susan consented to bestow her hand on the man who had rendered her such signal service. But probably St. George’s, Hanover-square, does not often witness such scenes as the following:—

The ceremony was performed by a curate, and he rather wondered at so very beautiful a creature throwing herself away on a man apparently so unworthy of her. When the business of the vestry was concluded the clergyman ventured to say “Upon my word, sir, you possess the most beautiful bride that I ever assisted to assume that title.”

The lady felt this as a reflection upon her husband, and said immediately, “You might, sir, have said the happiest.”

Each view of the case was gratifying to Bohun; but the lady’s promptness to vindicate her choice was peculiarly delightful; he said to the clergyman, “Our house is not yet in order, sir, but when we are settled I shall hope to see you someday to eat a mutton-chop with us.” And so they parted good friends.

We do not expect much logical coherence in works of fiction nowadays. The unities are mostly exploded or disregarded. But this work bears about the same relation, in point of probability, to the average novel, that the wildest tales of Baron Munchausen bear to statements of average credibility. The characters are as unlike anything in real life as the chimeras of a lunatic. When to this is added an utter inability to write a grammatical sentence—the extracts we have given being a fair sample of the rest—we may well ask whether the author has any friends, and what they are about? The smattering of legal phraseology might seem to betray some circumstantial connexion with the law. If there be any feature of the profession which these pages reflect, it is the notions current among attorneys’ clerks of lords and ladies, as culled from cheap periodicals. The point of view from which society is regarded is strictly that of Wemmich, or of some precocious lad articulated to a country Wemmich. The solitary merit of the book, to which it owes its present notice at our hands, is that it consists of two volumes only. What stray gleam of common sense could have induced the author of such a farrago of trash to stop short of the regulation three?

SIR G. C. LEWIS ON THE ASTRONOMY OF THE ANCIENTS.

Second Notice.

THE originality of Sir George Lewis’s mind unquestionably consists in its energetic scepticism. The doubts of ignorance, dulness, or prejudice, are mere obstructions to knowledge; but those of a thoroughly-informed, candid, and powerful intellect are almost beyond price. The habit of thought displayed in the volume before us is not perhaps favourable to individual greatness, but too great importance can scarcely be attached to it in times like the present, when true and real discovery is generally less the product of individual efforts than the compound result of the labours of a multitude. All the knowledge of antiquity derivable from accredited sources has now been stored up, analysed, and catalogued, and hence there is the strongest temptation to men of genius to build up startling theories on the facts we possess, to arrange them in novel and striking combinations, or to open up new mines of information which have not yet contributed to the mental wealth of the human race. It would be equally absurd to deny that brilliant audacity may sometimes seize at a leap a truth not otherwise attainable, and to suppose that it does not in general require to be cooled and confuted by scepticism like that of our author. Sir G. C. Lewis has already produced a marked effect on Continental speculation by his objections to Niebuhr’s reconstruction of the early Roman history. Within the limits permitted to him by his present subject, he suggests a vast number of difficulties, equally worthy of attention, in the way of assumptions which a concurrence of great authorities had apparently placed beyond the reach of the questioner. Among minor matters, he doubts the stories of early Phœnician navigation in the Atlantic waters; and, in particular, he doubts the circumnavigation of Africa by Phœnician mariners in the pay of Pharaoh Necho—a class of exploits to which it has recently been the fashion to give entire credit. Among subjects of higher interest to men of learning, he doubts the whole Egyptian chronology, short and long, disbelieves the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, thinks the Babylonian annals an imposition, and does not even condescend to mention cuneiform and its decipherers.

Sir George Lewis is led to discuss the immense primeval history attributed to the Egyptians and to the Assyrians and Babylonians, both because they have been credited with important astronomical discoveries and with a long record of astronomical observations, and further because, their pretended history amounting substantially to chronology, the very fact of its genuineness would carry back astronomical knowledge to a point far more remote than consists with the rest of our evidence on the subject. As respects the Egyptians, putting aside any information which may be obtained from the hieroglyphics, our author points out that the reality of the primitive history rests entirely upon the supposed testimony of the priests, who undoubtedly existed in Egypt as a caste. We have four writers from whom our knowledge of early Egyptian history is derived—Herodotus, Manetho, Eratosthenes, and Diodorus. Each one of them separately announces that he gets his information from the priests, either orally or by translating their sacred books. There being, therefore, but one source for all the four streams of knowledge, our accounts ought to be in the highest degree consistent. But the fact is that there is the utmost discrepancy between them. The chronologies differ by thousands of years. The names of kings and the dates of their reigns seldom or never agree. The few events recorded have no connexion with, and throw no light upon, one another. Four discordant schemes, all professing to be derived from the same authentic source, “cannot be reconciled by any legitimate methods of criticism, and yet there is no satisfactory ground for preferring one to another.” The attempts of the Egyptologists to conciliate them Sir George Lewis dismisses with sarcastic contempt. Egyptology, he says, has an historical method of its own. “It recognises none of the ordinary rules of evidence; the extent of its demand upon our credulity is almost unbounded.” Under the potent logic of Bunsen and Lepsius, “all identity disappears; everything is subject to become anything but itself. Successive dynasties become contemporary dynasties; one king becomes another king, or several other kings, or a fraction of another king; one name becomes another name; one number becomes another number; one place becomes another place.” Where, therefore, there is no rational reconciliation of several incompatible records, we are bound by the laws of historical evidence to reject them all. Sir George Lewis concludes, therefore, that the vast antiquity of the pretended Egyptian dates only illustrates the tendency of a national mind of the Oriental type to enormous exaggerations of magnitude and number; and he sees in his conclusion a confirmation of the undoubted fact that when the Greeks who formed the Court of the Ptolemies sought for scientific knowledge in Egypt, they found none, and that the only Egyptians who pretended to historical information in Roman times were detected as being impudent impostors.

But the difficulties of our author would count for very little if he left untouched the grand resource of the Egyptologists. If the hieroglyphical inscriptions reveal a history of vast length, reconcilable or not with that received from Greek authorities, Sir George Lewis is driven from his principal position. He does not tell us in quite definite language to what length his scepticism goes, but he appears to doubt whether the hieroglyphics have been interpreted at all. Whatever be the proper weight due to

the difficulties suggested in this volume, it is at least certain that no future Egyptologist can expect a hearing unless he makes some attempt to remove them. Sir George's first objection to the modern construing of the hieroglyphic character turns upon its inconsistency with interpretations dating from a time at which the key to the hieroglyphics does not seem to have been altogether lost. There are extant three comparatively ancient accounts of their nature and meaning—one by Chæmon, who lived in the first half of the first century after Christ—a second by Horapollo, who belongs to the end of the fourth century; and a third by Ammianus Marcellinus, dating from the fourth and fifth centuries. Now it is certainly most remarkable that the hieroglyphical readings of Champollion and his successors proceed on the supposition that the accounts given by these three old writers are erroneous. Not one of them described the figures as phonetic, though their phonetic nature is the very point and pith of Champollion's discovery. We cannot get rid of this singular difficulty by saying that the true character of the hieroglyphics was forgotten in the age of Chæmon and Horapollo. For if that be so, the whole basis of our hieroglyphical knowledge crumbles away. Everything in the system of Champollion turns upon his identification of the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra in the Greek and hieroglyphical inscriptions on the Rosetta stone, and on the correct reading of certain names of Roman Emperors in other places. The lapidary inscriptions which are the foundations of the system are substantially contemporaneous with the writings whose authority is unceremoniously rejected.

Modern Egyptology presupposes the correctness of two great discoveries of Champollion—the method of reading the hieroglyphical character, and the identification of the ancient Egyptian language with the Coptic. If the last assumption be inaccurate, the reading of the character is comparatively unimportant, and the Egyptian inscriptions are as useless as the Etruscan. The reasons assigned by Sir George Lewis for hesitating before admitting the identity of the two languages are numerous, and deserve the gravest consideration. The Coptic was not known before the Christian era, and its literature is of much later date, but the ancient Egyptian, to which it is made to furnish a key, is asserted to be thousands and thousands of years older. Moreover, the Coptic was a popular, the Egyptian of the hieroglyphics was a literary and sacred dialect. Is there any single instance of a language remaining so little changed during this immense space of time that its latest forms can enable us to read its earliest without other help? If the tradition of Sanscrit had been broken (which it never was), could any one have read it by the assistance of Greek, Latin, or even Hindu? Moreover, says Sir George Lewis, "where the tradition of a language is lost, but its affinity with a known language is ascertained or presumed, the attempts to restore the significations of words proceed upon the hypothesis that the etymology of the word can be determined by its resemblance, more or less close, to a word in the known language, and that the etymology of a word is a certain guide to its meaning." But the assumption is most improbable *a priori*. Etymology is not a sure index to meaning. Every scholar knows that when the signification is well ascertained the etymology is often most uncertain. "But when the process is inverted, and it is proposed to determine the signification of the words of an entire language from etymological guesses, unassisted by other knowledge," the method is most deceptive and inconclusive. Sir George illustrates the difficulty by an example from two languages, not separated by a vast interval, like Coptic and ancient Egyptian, but connected in one degree of filiation. In Italian, *troja* means a sow. The word is derived from the Latin *porcus Trojanus*, which signified a pig stuffed with other animals, and conveyed an allusion to the Trojan horse. *Porcus Trojanus* became first *porco di troja*, and then *troja* in the sense of a pregnant sow. "What possible ingenuity could have enabled anybody to invert the process here indicated, and to discover the meaning from the etymology, if the meaning were unknown?"

Sir George Lewis observes that impressions of the feasibility of reading the hieroglyphics have been a good deal caused by confused notions on two points. It has been imagined that the process of reading the character is something like the feat of deciphering a cipher, and that the translation of the language, when deciphered, has some analogy to the revival of knowledge of the so-called dead languages, Greek and Latin. But deciphering always assumes a perfect understanding by the decipherer of the language written in cipher. "It merely strips the disguise off a word, and reproduces it in its ordinary orthography." As respects Greek and Latin (and, we may add, Sanscrit) these languages are only dead in the sense of their being no longer spoken. It is a living tradition which connects them with the societies which spoke them. There has never been a time since the Christian era at which there were not persons who understood Latin; and before the invention of printing there were always some who spoke it, for, in the absence of grammars and dictionaries, instruction was necessarily oral. Greek, it is notorious, has never ceased to be vernacular, and was brought into the West by persons who used it as their habitual medium of communication. "It seems to be a necessary condition for the intelligibility of a language that its tradition should be preserved unbroken either in writing or orally. A language cannot in general be restored if a period has intervened during which it was entirely forgotten and unknown."

MAN CONTEMPLATED.*

There are some minds which must needs map and square everything, and seem incapable of a sense of mystery or of an honest admission that all inquiry must be limited by human faculties, and all knowledge, not purely scientific, by the facts and data of the case. Such is the author of the book before us. It has an idea at the centre, and from this it works, with much pertinacious consistency, in a labyrinth of speculation. With the specially theological bearings of this work we have of course nothing here to do; but a brief examination of the method of its argument, and some remarks on the mental characteristics which it betrays, may have their uses. The author, who appears to be a Nonconformist divine, probably of the Wesleyan Connexion, or some branch thereof, is a man of much industry and a good deal of second-hand learning. He has a homely, hard-handed common-sense, with which he roughly manipulates any question, human or divine. But his grasp is sadly narrow for the colossal proportions of the argument on which he ventures. He has the air of a man whose turn of thought and way of viewing things were formed before he commenced his studies. Hence, what he has learned has not been assimilated, and sits like an uneasy load upon his mind. The whole book has the half-educated stamp of the class of divinity to which it belongs. A good deal of history and mythology has been superficially mastered, and very laborious his efforts probably were to master it even thus superficially. The inevitable signs, however, of a mind naturally of some vigour, but which cannot digest and combine materials for want of due culture, are not wanting. The theologians to whom he most frequently refers are, if we except John Wesley, of a poor sort. Dwight, Clarke, Watson, Pye Smith, Dr. Müller, "Dr. Brown on the Millennium," are some of the most frequently recurring, with a rarer mention of the better known names of Bishops Patrick, Lowth, and Horsley, together with Olshausen and Rosenmüller. As regards the method pursued, the author shall speak for himself: (Preface, p. vii.—ix.)

All truths, from what source soever they proceed, constitute a sublime unity. Collision or discrepancy is impossible. Nature and revelation alike enunciate the acts and laws of God. The former chiefly with reference to his physical government, and the latter chiefly with reference to his moral government. They are the records of two departments of the same grand administration: and as the light which they reflect is mutual, the study of the one can never be properly conducted without the study of the other; nor can any theory with reference to either be correct which does not harmonize with both. . . . The intelligent and reflecting of all classes have begun to open their eyes to the fact that discord between supernatural revelation and created nature can have no basis except in the ignorance or prejudice of their expositors; and they are dissatisfied with every theory, whether Biblical or scientific, which does not quadruple with the established truths both of the one and the other. . . . There are established truths in geology, and in some other sciences, as well as in astronomy; and these have a bearing on the interpretation of Scripture, not less direct and important than those of astronomy; so that as, on the one hand, all the various phenomena of nature must be interpreted in accordance with the fundamental Biblical truth, that God is the creator and governor of the universe; so, on the other, all those Scripture passages which relate to subjects of natural science must be interpreted in accordance with the demonstrated facts and principles of natural science. . . . That the inspired accounts themselves are correct and harmonize with every truth in nature that relates to man is a settled point.

Passing by the loose and inaccurate phraseology of "demonstrated facts and principles,"—the former of which rest on experience, the latter (in natural science) on induction, and neither on demonstration—we may say this last sentence clearly gives us the standard of our author. To the great vexed questions—slowly approximating, perhaps, to solution—which are comprised in the wide range of Biblical criticism, he would seem to be wholly a stranger. The mere external consideration that "Scripture" is a collection of books of twenty different periods, spread over some sixteen centuries, and, perhaps, embracing early fragmentary portions which would demand an even wider range, seems quite beyond his recognition. He assumes that all is symmetrical and harmonious as a child's dissected map, and that all that remains is for common sense to fit the pieces together.

The central idea to which we have referred is too purely theological to be more than stated here. It is briefly that what in technical theology is called "original sin" is destroyed by "effectual grace." This our author calls "the cessation of the entail of depravity," and he argues it elaborately, especially as against his master, Wesley, in pages 226-264. Wesley, he contends, laid down premisses which include this consequence, from which he, however, shrank. "Perhaps it is not too much to say that a superintending Providence saw that enough was done for the time, leaving the other—i.e., the doctrine of the 'cessation' of this 'entail'—for future development." As the "cessation of the entail" is to characterize the millennium (p. 130), and as that, we learn, may probably commence in A.D. 1941 (p. 241), the author, we take it, must suppose that there are many examples of the said "cessation" already to be found—of course, in that "largest and most efficient Voluntary Church in the world, on both sides of the Atlantic, including more than a million of members, and nearly four thousand Christian ministers," which the author, we presume, adorns. We may, further, compare his doctrine that A. and B., being a perfectly sanctified man and wife, produce a perfectly sanctified offspring, with the Mormon doctrine of the propagation of heirs of the

* Man contemplated in his Primeval, Fallen, Redeemed, and Millennial Condition. By the Rev. Nathan Rouse. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Burslem: James Dean. 1861.

kingdom, and the raising up of "tabernacles" for beatified spirits. Of course, the vice in all this so-called reasoning is that the question is one of fact, and, therefore, to be shown by example if it exists, and, until such proof be adduced, to be reasonably rejected. The author should take a leaf from Mr. Darwin's book, and refer to this simple test all questions of likeness or unlikeness in offspring to parents, spiritual as well as physical. Till this be done, all sound thinkers will renounce argument with him; and meanwhile the question between himself and Wesley may be left to their respective disciples.

But there are a few eccentricities of argument occurring, by the way, which may not unfairly be adduced as exemplifying the author's manner of dealing with such grave and deep questions as he has stirred. He sets himself, for instance, in his earlier chapters, to consider the Primeval Condition of Man—1. Morally; 2. Intellectually; 3. Physically; 4. Circumstantially. Under the last head we find discussed the "partial nudity" of our first parents. He dismisses the well-known text, "naked, but not ashamed," with singular *naïveté*. "If," he says, "we take it in the sense in which it is commonly understood, it is somewhat startling, and that it stands opposed to all those notions of propriety which obtain in civilized life is generally, if not universally, admitted." He is shocked at the obtuseness of a commentator who compares Adam and Eve to little children in their innocence, and he exposes with scorn the notion that two persons "in a state of maturity, and with all their knowledge," should "live together in a state of nakedness without any feeling of impropriety." With equal perspicacity he flouts the opinion of another, that "the circumambient air was of the same temperature with their bodies," and that "therefore they had no need of clothing." Of course, it would follow that their clothes must either have been created with them, or their creation must have been defective, and, in fact, this is the author's real tenet. He waxes quite eloquent against the absurd indignity of the "lord of creation" being "placed in the world in a state of nudity and exposure." The idea of the fox having his fur, the crow her feathers, and man being without any covering suited to his circumstances, or in accordance with "the principles of delicacy and propriety," is painfully humiliating. Dr. Pye Smith and he are, it seems, agreed that such total unfitness for decent society was intolerable; but they give different answers to the question whence our first parents obtained their clothing. The former states, apparently on his own authority, that, "as a part of the divine instruction which we have established, they were taught to take off the inner bark of some trees which would answer extremely well for this purpose." "To this reply, however," says our author, "I demur. It seems much more probable that God himself constructed a clothing for them." Away, then, with "the indecorous and absurd notion that our holy parents went naked." For, argues our author, "if dress itself is a consequence and a badge of sin, who does not see that just in proportion as we break off our sins and become holy, we ought also to throw off our dress, and become Christian Adamites?" "Dress itself," he concludes, "so far from being either an evidence or a consequence of sin, is the ordination of heaven." But what, then, it will have occurred to the reader, does he make of the concluding words, "and not ashamed?" Or why should they have been added if there had been the means at hand to remove all occasion for shame. "The answer to this is, that the statement contains an allusion to the customs and sentiments which were prevalent at the time when Moses recorded it. At that time, in addition to the tunic or under-garment, the respectable classes especially covered themselves with immense veils and long, flowing, costly robes; and to appear destitute of these upper habiliments, particularly in the case of ladies, was deemed a cause of shame." But, we may ask, what has become of the fig-leaves all this time? Why our acute theologian has discovered that the meaning of the word "naked" in that second passage which describes the consequences of the Fall, is wholly different from that which it bears in the previous one. There it meant physical but partial nakedness—here he will have it express "their destitution of those moral and spiritual virtues which they had previously possessed"—and so they had recourse to fig-leaves! The would-be Stoic, when the trappings of fortune had left him, wrapped himself up in his virtue. The parents of mankind when their virtue had left them wrap themselves up in fig-leaves! He says, "they covered themselves with girdles." But we confess ourselves unable to pursue this subject further.

This will give our readers the means of judging how far such a guide is trustworthy on momentous subjects requiring a marked genius for spiritual speculation in the man who would deal with them successfully, or even plausibly. Of the gross absence of the qualities necessary to reason soundly on such matters, and of the perversion of moral instincts in a man who could write as above on such a subject, the previous specimens may suffice. It is worth while, however, to see him in a burst of eloquence. Here are one or two fits:—

Death, with a hand more frigid than an ocean of ice, and with a visage black as endless night, grasped man's whole spiritual being.

Such men as Gibbon and Byron may be compared to a monster having the body of a dinosaur, the wings of a pterodactyl, the tail of a peacock, the sting of a serpent, the voice of a nightingale, the sightless eyeballs of a statue, and a huge head without brains.

When a man is writing fine, he is bent on displaying what is in him, and addresses heaven and earth in the fulness of his heart.

Such a crude pile of images as the last passage, if style be at all a key to thought and mental power, would be enough for a sensible and educated reader. Still, there are readers for whom the Reverend Nathan Rouse is likely to have charms. The tradesman class will accept him largely, for he declares a Millennium in which peace and commerce will go on overspreading the earth with plenty—he preaches a gospel of "universal prosperity" and "improved fertility." Securities will always, we presume, be good in that golden time; sugar will not be sanded any more, no more will reels be measured for two hundred yards of thread and labelled for three hundred. There will be no adulteration, no more names in the *Gazette*, no more "paper" houses. A state of perfect sanctity, in which men reckon percentages and invest in railway debentures, is supposed to be realized in Utah by its more sanguine votaries; and this, as we have seen, is not the only feature of similitude between the views here set forth and those promulgated in the holy city of Mormonism.

But the most remarkable omission in the work before us is that of the conflict, real or supposed, of ethnology and language with received interpretations of Scripture. These sciences have not yet been "done" in popular handbooks, and therefore have not fallen in our author's way. He therefore simply skips them, and what he has crammed in other things that he writes.

LONG'S EARLY GEOGRAPHY OF WESTERN EUROPE.*

THE promise of the title-page is hardly fulfilled by the contents of the work now before us, and those who may have recourse to it for a clear view of the origin, language, religion, and civilization of the earliest inhabitants of this island will probably be disappointed. And yet we have seldom seen in any work of the kind more painstaking research and more honest pursuit of knowledge than Mr. Long has brought to bear upon the subject of his investigation. The fact is, that the subject itself is so obscure as to make it next to impossible to reduce into order the chaos of conflicting hints or statements which meets the inquirer at every step of his progress. Added to which, the present author makes the matter tenfold worse by his manner of treating it. So wanting in perspicuity is his style, and so ill-arranged is the mass of materials which he has collected, that it is difficult to know what he is aiming at, and still more what he himself thinks that he has established. It is not often that one meets with a book of so much learning and so much ability, in which it is hard to say what the author's own conclusions are upon the subject in hand. We doubt, however, whether any one has ever read up his subject more conscientiously than the present writer, and we may fairly give him credit, in spite of a tendency to credulity, for many of the qualifications that are necessary for a successful mastery of this difficult department of literature. But something is wanting; and that is, the ability to express in an intelligible form the conclusions at which, after so long a course of study, he has himself arrived. So that we may recommend this volume to those who take an interest in the subject, less as a guide or authority than as a collection of materials for their own handling. It is something, of course, to have, in a collected form, the principal data for speculation as to the ethnology and geography of primeval Western Europe; but the value of even this is greatly diminished by the want of an index.

It seems to be a principle with Mr. Long to admit every scrap of information that has come down to us from antiquity as possibly containing an element of truth. So that his authorities include not only the assertions of geographers or historians, but the hints, allusions, and fables of poets and romancers. This gives an interest of its own to his volume as containing numerous extracts from some of the least known remains of ancient literature. Mr. Long finds his subject divided chronologically into two portions, which are separated by a long interval of profound obscurity. In the former part, he has to deal first with such authorities as Homer and the poet of the *Argonautics*, "who seem," he says, "to have veiled their information, acquired from Phœnician or Carthaginian navigators, under an intentional disguise, or to have overcharged it with romantic fiction." Next, there are the Greek historians and geographers, "who were disposed to treat everything with suspicion, even the narratives of their own countrymen, Pytheas and others." Then, after a long interval, the Latin and later Greek writers begin to revive a knowledge of Western Europe, and to describe it as it was known under the Roman Empire. To compare the records of these two periods with each other and with our present geographical knowledge, is the author's aim. We only wish that we could commend the execution of his task as much as its intention.

Mr. Long begins, in reverse order, with a survey of the ethnology of Gaul, as described by Cæsar, and discusses very minutely the relations between Gaul and Britain. By way of clearing the ground, he first decides, on sound philological grounds, that Tacitus was wrong in supposing that the Celtic Silures of the right bank of the Severn had anything to do with the Iberi of Spain, or with their congeners—the Aquitani of Gaul. Next, he traces the early immigration of Celtic tribes from Central Gaul into Midland Britain, and fancies a connexion between the Parisii, whom Ptolemy places on the Humber in the district now called the Holderness, and the tribe who gave their

* *A Survey of the Early Geography of Western Europe as connected with the First Inhabitants of Britain, their Origin, Language, Religious Rites, and Edifices.* By Henry Lawes Long, Esq. London: Reeve.

name to the French capital—*Lutetia Parisiorum*. But there is little firm ground under our feet through these speculations until we come to Cæsar's time. That author seems to distinguish the inland and less civilized tribes of Britain, who had a purely Gallic origin, from the immigrant Belgæ who had settled, at a somewhat later period, along the southern coast of the island. Mr. Long argues that to the Continental Belgæ may be assigned a mixed Celtic and Teutonic origin. He supposes that successive migrations of Transrhenan Teutons had become amalgamated with the Celtic tribes inhabiting the left bank of the Rhine. It is curious to find him remarking that, from the earliest times till our own day, this process of denationalizing the Teutonic tribes who have come into contact with the advancing Gallic frontier has gone on continuously. Thus Cæsar and Strabo tell us of the Ubii, who had become *Gallicis moribus assuati*; and Mr. Long observes that the present Rhenish provinces of Prussia "have a most decided and avowed leaning towards France, and would willingly again become a portion of another French Empire." The Wallons are described as an insulated portion of the purely Celtic race "who have maintained themselves immemorially in certain districts of the Ardennes while the tide of Transrhenan invaders flowed round them."

Applying to the colonization of Britain the information thus collected about the Continental Belgæ, Mr. Long derives the Remi of Sussex and Surrey from the Remi of Champagne. They are the *Prymni* of Ptolemy; and Regnum, the old name of Chichester, their capital, seems to be closely connected with Rheims, the capital of the parent tribe. Our author tells us that this territorial division of the country of the Remi, known afterwards as the kingdom of the South Saxons, left its traces till 1637, when the counties of Surrey and Sussex were for the first time "discovered in their common shrievalty." Discouraging of the permanence of such political divisions, Mr. Long remarks further on as follows:—

Staines derives its name from the London mark-stone, which stands above the bridge at Coln-ditch, denoting the extent of the jurisdiction of the City of London along the Thames; which coincides not only with the boundary of the Saxon kingdom of Essex, but with that also of the original Trinobantes, dividing their territory from that of the Cassi.

The northern section of these Remi, who occupied Surrey, were also called Bibroci. Berkshire seems to have been settled by immigrants from the Atrebatæ, Bellovacæ, and Ambiani, the tribes which occupied a district, unmarked in Von Spruner's *Historical Atlas*, which Mr. Long distinguishes in his map as the *real* Belgium, i.e. the country about Amiens and Beauvais. The same tribes also had settlements in Hampshire and Wiltshire, and from them came the name of Venta *Belgarum* for Winchester. These settlers were clearly rather Celtic than Teutonic in their origin; and Mr. Long (inconsistently with his own subsequent conclusions about the Cymry, and differing herein from his favourite Welsh Triads, which speak of these Belgæ as a *second* race of invaders) conceives that the natives whom they displaced were merely primeval or aboriginal savages, such as those of whom traces have been found in the famous bone-cave, near Torquay. Westward of these Belgæ were settled the Durotriges, an offshoot from the opposite Armorican peninsula, who have left their name in the word Dorsetshire; while Kent, eastward of the Remi, takes its name from the Cantii, the most civilized of all the Belgic settlers in Britain. Indeed, from a section of these it is that Mr. Long derives the name Britannia itself. Pliny mentions a Gaulish tribe called Britanni, inhabiting the maritime district (once called *La Marquenterre*) between the Canche and the Somme. Two villages named *Quend*, "having a significant resemblance to our *Kent*," and even a hamlet called *Bretagne* still remain. They are in sight from the railway between Boulogne and Abbeville, as it crosses the river Authie and traverses the Marais de Quend, near the station of Rue. These Britanni are supposed to have been the first to cross over to the opposite shore of Britain, and to have given the island the name by which it was afterwards known in the geography of the world. Mr. Long places them in his map on Romney Marsh. "We read in the Welsh Triads, the value of which is now admitted both at home and abroad, that the second race of peaceable settlers in Britain, succeeding the Cymry, who were the first, was led by Prydain, the son of Aedd-Mawr or Aedd the Great, who gave his name to the island." Hence Mr. Long explains the famous fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth. This Pryd or Prydain was, he imagines, transformed into Brute or Brutus, "and then, as an *Ædian*, he instantly became entitled to a Trojan origin." For the *Ædi*, whose name may be traced in the *Aedd* of the Triads, long before the time of Cæsar were honoured by the Romans as being "*fratres nostri*," says Cicero—"fratres consanguineique *sæpenumero* a *Senatu* appellati," says Cæsar. M. de Courson, in his zeal to make Britain the daughter, instead of the mother, of Bretagne, adopts these Britanni of Pliny as the first settlers in our island; but he transfers their original seat, without a shadow of authority, from the district of Ponthieu on the banks of the Somme to the peninsula of Brittany—the Lyddaw, "sea-coast," or *Lætavia*, of romance.

At this point Mr. Long, in a most inconveniently inverted order, takes up the history of the Cymry, or preceding invaders, according to the Triads. Here, somewhat inconsistently, he professes his belief in the legend that Hu the Powerful led the larger swarm of the Cymry into Britain, while a smaller horde settled simultaneously in Britannia Minor. The Cymry of

Wales, he says, "continually appear as the inhabitants of *Gwynedd*, latinized into *Venedotia*," and their brethren in Gaul are the *Veneti* who make so conspicuous a figure in the pages of Cæsar. Mr. Long suggests that the people whom Herodotus describes as dwelling beyond the Celts towards the setting sun, are these very Cymry of Brittany, *Kóvera* being their own name, *Gwynedd*, represented in Greek characters, just as *Veneti* is their name in Latin. After a number of collateral digressions, which are of much interest in themselves, but which greatly interfere with the course of the inquiry, Mr. Long proceeds to identify the Cymry of the Welsh Triads with the Cimbræ of the Cimbric Chersonese, the present Jutland, in other words with the Cimmerii of the Greeks. And here he takes occasion to support the accuracy of the Homeric geography on the authority of Strabo. He shows how great a confusion has been caused by the fact that the Cimmerii of antiquity are represented as occupying not only the Tauric Chersonese on the Black Sea, but the peninsula of Jutland in the German Ocean. It is his theory that Homer's true geography, which he must have obtained from Phœnician navigators, became obscured after the decay of the Phœnician power. Hence the poet's accurate description of the Cimmerii of *Jutland* as dwelling on the shores of the great Western Ocean—*ἑπὶ καὶ ἀνέμῳ κεκαθήμενοι*—under the setting sun, came in other ages to be misapplied to the only Cimmerii then known—namely, those of the Crimea. In a subsequent discussion on "the corrupted but not corrupt geography of the *Odyssey*," Mr. Long argues in a very interesting manner for the minute accuracy of Homer, and avows his belief that *Odysseus* was conducted through the pillars of Hercules to the Cimmerii of the North Western Ocean. He identifies "the sluggish sea" of the ancient navigators, not with the *Mar di Sargasso* of the Atlantic, but with the swampy tracts, half land and half sea, between the mouths of the Rhine and the Elbe. For, as he shows, the geography of that coast has been greatly altered by the embankments of the Netherlands, and those successive inroads of the sea mentioned in history since the year 800, which have submerged vast tracts, and have gradually reduced the once large island of Heligoland to a circumference of about 2000 yards. It is, of course, impossible to fix the date of the first settlement of the Cymry in Britain. Mr. Long expresses his belief that they were "the first wave in the tide of the human race" from Asia that reached our shores. Finally as to the names borne by our island before it was called Britain, we find that our author regards it as probable that the Phœnicians called it *Samothra* (for *Cassiterides* is scarcely a proper name), and that in the sixth or fifth century before the Christian era, when Himilco made his celebrated voyage of discovery, it was known as *Albion*—i.e., the Celtic *Alb-In*, the White Isle. By the time of the voyage of Pytheas, which he fixes as about 300 B.C., the name *Albion* had been superseded by *Britannia*. We have thus given a brief abstract of what seem to be Mr. Long's principal conclusions as to the earliest geography of Britain. In a subsequent chapter, he treats at much length of Druidism, and adds a section on the geography of Homer. The former of these is perhaps somewhat fanciful. His treatise deserves the careful examination of all who are interested in the attempt to pierce the obscurity which veils the earliest history of the inhabitants of Britain.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.*

IN spite of Pope's axiom that the connexion between the *non admirari* principle and human happiness is as close as that between cause and effect, it is not probable that many of our readers will be happy enough to rise from a perusal of *Christian Missions* without a certain sentiment of wonder. They will not envy Mr. Marshall's talent, but they will certainly be surprised at it. Nor will the surprise which predominates among their emotions be precisely of a pleasing nature. Mr. Winkie's consternation on being apostrophised as a serpent where he had expected to be saluted as a friend, or the shudder of the Roman youths in Macaulay's *Lays* on lighting unawares on a fierce old bear where they had counted on a less alarming apparition, could hardly exceed the consternation which pervaded our breast as we wonderingly followed Mr. Marshall through his three volumes. We had fondly imagined, from the title of the book, that it would contain a simple record of the origin and fortunes of Christian missions. We confess that some misgivings as to its impartiality crossed our minds on meeting the contrast which the author is pleased to draw, *in limine*, between "Protestant and Catholic missions;" but we were still sanguine enough to retain a hope that the book might really prove to be about Christian missions in the first instance, and only about the distinctions between Romanism and Protestantism in the second. These hopes have not been gratified. Mr. Marshall's mission has been of a more imposing character than we had imagined. It appears that he has only selected his present subject as a convenient and convincing middle term by which to demonstrate the conclusion which he considers it his vocation to enforce. We may linger by the roadside, if we please, and rest our weary feet in such pleasant bowers as the author's ability and research and literary taste have provided for our refreshment; but the

* *Christian Missions: their Agents, their Method, and their Results.* By T. W. M. Marshall. 3 vols. London: Burns and Lambert. Brussels: Goemaere. 1862.

real goal to which he would have us follow him is the unexpected result that, on the whole, Romanism is indisputably the only true religion, and Protestantism everything that is eminently the reverse. Old fields of controversy, he tells us, are exhausted, and the subject has not yet been satisfactorily settled; the question as to the conflicting claims of the two creeds is supposed to have been still unsolved at the expiration of the year 1861; and the world is imagined to be looking round in wistful yearning for further evidence on the subject. At this crisis Mr. Marshall takes compassion on his fellow-creatures, and steps gracefully forward at the commencement of 1862 to settle the question once for all. Results, it has been discovered by moralists, do not always correspond with the intentions of human agents; but at least our gratitude is due to the author for the high-souled benevolence which has thus prompted him to satisfy the uncertainties of a doubting world, and to throw open the arcanæ of a chamber of which it appears that he alone possesses the key.

In criticising the volumes before us, we desire not to be misunderstood. If we cannot always follow the author with gravity, still less with approbation, the view which we feel compelled to take of the writer must not be mistaken for our appreciation of the subject itself. *Christian Missions*, indeed, offer a theme which should not be approached with any but respectful feelings. He who would write fairly and critically the history of missions—who would dispassionately weigh and truthfully allege the facts that exist to illustrate it, who would point with a tender hand to faults where faults seem to exist, and suggest such improvements as an honest and kindly ingenuity could devise would have a real claim on the gratitude of the world. His propositions might not always be practical, nor their success demonstrable, but no criticism would question his intentions. But nothing is clearer than that he who would do this would do what Mr. Marshall has neither done, nor apparently desired to do. It is possible that the time has not yet arrived for attempting such a task, and that any generalization must, as yet, be crude and premature. But Mr. Marshall has, in some measure, cleared the way for its final accomplishment. He has shown us unmistakably what is not the proper mode of treating such a subject. As in Bacon's system of induction, the *rejectio naturarum* was an indispensable preliminary to arriving at the first vintage, so we may form some notion of the proper method of handling the subject of Christian missions by observing and avoiding the method which Mr. Marshall has deliberately adopted. We propose, therefore, to exhibit to our readers some indications of the mode in which this gentleman has proposed to establish the desired conclusion that the Church of Rome is alone true and infallible, and that "Protestantism must at last accept, with whatever repugnance, the inexorable judgment which it is the province of history to pronounce upon all the works of man." In a recent essay on history it has been shown, with some power of reasoning, that it is *not* the province of history to pass an inexorable judgment upon all the works of man, and that it is well to make sure that no farther evidence is procurable—in other words that the book of history is finally closed—before any such inexorable conclusion is arrived at. But either Mr. Marshall is deliberately at issue with so cold a theory, or his well-meaning impatience outruns his judgment. Whether it is his logic or his animus which is responsible for his errors we will leave it to our readers to decide.

The cardinal point of Mr. Marshall's argument is exhibited in his rendering of the Scriptural text which he has selected for a motto. The head and front of his volumes are the words from St. Matthew's Gospel, "A fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos—By their fruits ye shall know them." What idea these words suggest to our readers' minds it is not for us to say. But there are proverbs extant in more than one language which contrast the expectations of man with the overruling disposition of God, and which go far to warn us, if we are wise, against anticipating His final decision by a hasty conclusion arrived at only from examining the apparent bearing of events. That a human judgment should estimate the value of a given creed by its results requires at least three postulates—that the eye which professes to read the results should be infallible, that the tongue which records them should be beyond suspicion of conscious or unconscious misrepresentation, and that the connexion between the given creed and its assumed results should be shown to be inevitable. It is not likely that these three postulates could be granted in any instance without some misgivings; but in the case of Mr. Marshall we fear we cannot grant any one of them. His eye appears to be clear-sighted enough while examining one side of the question, but to be closed, or at least subject to a pleasing obliquity, in examining the other. His quotations from Protestant authorities appear too fragmentary and indeterminate to remove our lingering doubts. He would have us pronounce on the whole geological system of a world from isolated pebbles offered from an isolated stratum. And, granting that the present aspect of Protestant missions is as deplorable as he wishes us to believe, he yet has to show that a sequel is necessarily an effect. It is possible that the Protestant theory is not a mere delusion, that its teachers are not without exception "lie-speaking devils," and yet that an overruling Providence, for its own wise purposes, has not permitted its success. We are not, of course, accepting Mr. Marshall's view of the present state of our missions as a correct one—we are only desirous of ascertaining the exact mode by which he would propose to con-

clude from it, supposing it were correct. In estimating the worth of an argument, it is satisfactory to have a clear idea of the premisses as distinct from the conclusion. The logical intellect does not feel a thrill of unmixed pleasure in being presented with three propositions which are reported to be inferentially connected, but of which any one may be the major, any one the minor, and any one the conclusion. We like to be introduced to the major proposition as the major, and not to be asked to pass it over in the expectation of hearing it demonstrated by-and-by. If we are told that it is the major, and accept it accordingly, we know what we are doing; and the conclusion to which it logically leads must be accepted. But Mr. Marshall must pardon us for saying, that in the syllogism into which his three volumes may be condensed, we are obtuse enough still to feel uncertain which he intends for his major and which for his conclusion. He tells us that the system of Protestant missions is radically bad, and that their success is finally hopeless. But is the system bad because success is hopeless, or is success hopeless because the system is bad? Again, is the religion false because it employs an unwise method? or is the method sure to be unwise because Mr. Marshall's *à priori* intuitions warn him that the religion is false?

There are some authors, however, whose main argument may appear faulty when thus precipitated, without our condemning them very severely for their blindness towards its defects while it was still held in solution. Meanwhile, in smaller points of detail, where there was less of intervening matter to confuse antecedent and consequent, their logic is satisfactory enough. Let us see if these extenuating circumstances can be pleaded for the author of *Christian Missions*. What shall we say of the reasoning powers of a writer who enumerates, among the arguments to prove the presence of St. Thomas in India, the apparently irrelevant quotation from a single writer that our own King Alfred sent presents to St. Thomas's tomb? Is Mr. Marshall's credulity most to be admired, or his estimation of the world's common sense, when he first recognises a willingness to undergo death as an infallible test of a man's religion being true, and then asserts that "the world has agreed in every age to accept this supreme test of a man's faith?" On such an elastic hypothesis he will find few opponents when he vindicates the truth of his own religion, for the world will have room for his religion and for many others besides. If every creed is to be held true which has produced one or more unflinching martyrs, the question will be not so much which can be considered true as which can be considered false. He proceeds, indeed, to say that "other religions have produced fanatics, Christianity alone may boast of martyrs;" but as he does not seem to consider that this last assertion qualifies the former, we suppose it is his opinion that fanaticism always stops short of death, while martyrdom does not—which seems strange in a follower of that religion which ranks the confessor as only one degree below the martyr, and which ascribes to Mary Magdalene the dignity of martyrdom by right and title of her having been present at her Lord's crucifixion. Again, our author quotes the promise to the Apostles that they should sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel, and that every one who leaves house and brethren for Christ's sake shall receive an hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting. But he proceeds with the strange assertion that this promise has been fulfilled in all ages and in all lands, and nowhere more conspicuously than in the land of China and in the 19th century. Sometimes he resorts to logic for purposes of offensive warfare, and proposes to extend an opponent on the Procrustean bed which his own theory of argumentation has devised. Thus, when a Protestant writer distinguishes between the use of the Cross and that of the Crucifix, our author triumphantly answers, "It is difficult to attach any meaning to such words, of which the writer is perhaps by this time ashamed. The Crucifix, as he probably knows, is simply the cross plus the victim. To which of the two does he object?" As a final instance, we may adduce his method of dealing with the fortunes of Protestant missions. If they do not succeed in converting many, he cites their want of success to prove their want of inspiration. If they do succeed, he calls the conversions sacrilegious, and is unable to think of them without horror.

But the absence or unsoundness of the reasoning organ is not the worst point in Mr. Marshall's constitution, as far as we may judge of it from the fruits exhibited in this work. A far more melancholy symptom is his tendency to rush in where angels fear to tread, and to arrogate to himself an unerring insight into higher counsels. Mr. Thackeray says that there are some people who are for ever taking God into their confidence, but our author does more. We cannot attempt to quote all the instances in which this tendency displays itself, but a few cases shall suffice. He asserts dogmatically that the Bible was not intended to convert the heathen, his alleged ground being that the Apostles did not distribute books. He appears to ascribe to Isaiah an intention of distinguishing in one prophecy between the Roman and the Protestant missions. He obtrudes himself into the confidence of the angels when he tells us that in their sight all classes of Americans are a sign and portent, for that the angels "behold in them that most piteous type of human infirmity, Samson with his head shorn, the giant robbed of his strength." The following passage shall close our quotations. "There is no form of religion in the world, save only Protestantism and Islamism, of which

sacrifice is not the chief act. 'Ubi corpus fuerit,' said our blessed Lord, 'ibi et aquila congregabuntur;' in which divine words we have, so to speak, the whole distinction between the Catholic and Protestant religions."

We might adduce other illustrations of the animus which has inspired the writer of this work—such, for example, as his vindication of the truth of Xavier's miracles, and his appreciation of the value of such lives as those of Heber, Martyn, Selwyn, and Tomlyn. But the defects to which they point are inconsiderable when compared with those which we have already illustrated; and, in truth, we have done with Mr. Marshall. Those who desire to see to what length an author can be carried who starts with the determination to write down the Protestant religion, and who does so by the practice of every error in collecting and balancing evidence against which Bacon protested, may read his book for themselves. We have performed our duty in stigmatising some of its many vices. We believe that the work itself will hardly be acceptable to the majority of Mr. Marshall's own brethren, as it is certainly ill calculated to be serviceable to their cause. The heathen world is large enough for both religions to labour side by side in the great work. It is a writer like Mr. Marshall who throws a difficulty in the way of both, by labouring to undermine that Christian love and charity which, in spite of all their differences, may yet unite, and has often been found to unite the followers of both in one bond of brotherhood. The history of Christian missions has still to be written. There are, indeed, some few useful hints to be derived from perusing even such a work as this; but the author has done his best, by his mode of suggesting them, to render their adoption improbable, and to obviate their utility.

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1859 "	665	440,425.
1860 "	741	475,580.

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Age when Insured.	Sum Insured.	Annual Premium for first Five Years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
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30	2,000	33 8 4	15 7 7
40	3,000	101 17 0	48 8 0
50	5,000	223 15 0	108 13 4

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Age when Insured.	Original Amount of Policy.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of first five years.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of second five years.
20	£1,000	£1,475	£1,700
30	2,000	2,907	3,270
40	3,000	4,372	4,905
50	5,000	7,131	8,023

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WITHOUT PROFITS.					WITH PROFITS.				
AGE.	Half Prem. 1st 7 Years.	Whole Prem. Rem. of Life.	AGE.	Years.	Mon.	Annual Premium.	Half-Yearly Premium.	Quarterly Premium.	
30	£ 8. 6. d.	£ 8. 6. d.	30	Mon.	0	£ 8. 6. d.	£ 4. 3. s.	£ 2. 1. s.	£ 8. 6. d.
40	1 10 2	3 15 4	40	0	3	3 7 6	1 4 2	0 13 4	13 4
50	3 3 6	4 5 0	50	0	8	2 7 10	1 4 0	0 12 5	12 5
60	5 6 8	6 15 4	60	0	8	2 8 2	1 4 8	0 12 6	12 6

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